SHOWTIME

THE TOP FILM MONTHLY

JULY 1966 1/-

Location story:
STEVE McQUEEN IN FORMOSA

SOUVENIR COLOUR PORTRAIT:
Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward

a new 'king' for hollywood

JULIE CHRISTIE

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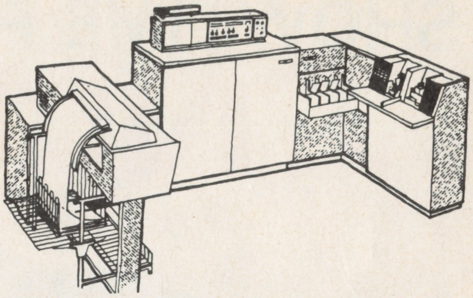

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SHOWTIME PREVIEW: *ARABESQUE*

...NOW SOPHIA

"*Arabesque*? It's a pun of a title, really," explains producer-director Stanley Donen. "The dictionary says the word means 'a kind of ornamentation consisting of fantastic interlacing patterns'. And this, in a way, best describes the intrigues, counter-intrigues and double-crossing that takes place between two groups of Arabs in my film."

THERE have been more dangerous spies on the screen. More effective spies; drabber spies; surrealistic and gimmicky spies. One thing, however, is certain: there has never been a more beautifully dressed spy than Sophia Loren in her exciting role as sultry Arab agent Yasmin Azir in *Arabesque*.

This comical, but gripping, yarn of intrigue and terror in London, revolves around the tempestuous Yasmin and Gregory Peck, as a wryly humorous American Professor of Ancient Languages. During their adventures, Sophia revels around in an exclusive wardrobe created by Marc Bohan of Dior. She's dressed to kill, all right—with an overall £50,000 price-tag!

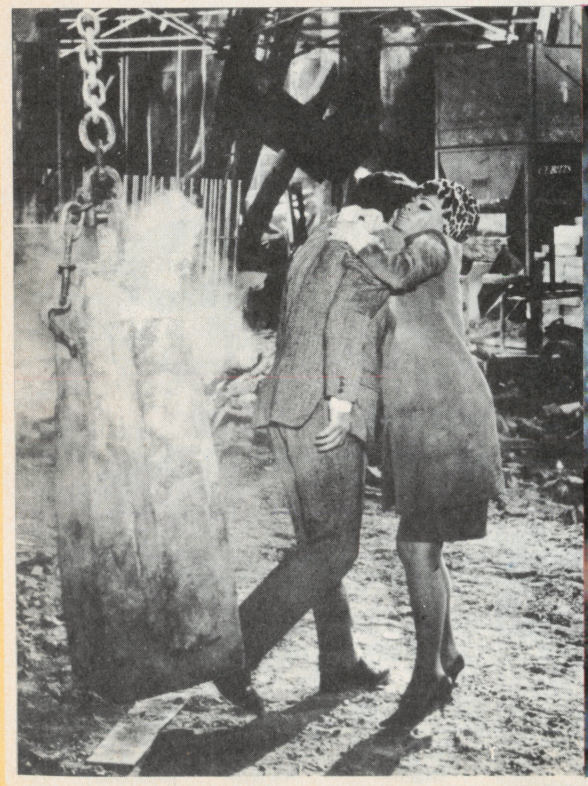
A goodly proportion of this went on shoes—50 pairs! Sophia's lover in the film (Alan Badel) is a dastardly oil magnate of rather kinky inclinations. He buys her footwear by the ton. And most of it is pretty original.

"I have everything from kooky thigh-length leather boots to multi-coloured silken sandals," says Sophia.

And she needs them all, too, as the pace quickens and the plot thickens. Soon Sophia and Peck are hand-in-hand on the run from Badel and his boys. They want Peck to translate a secret message written in some ancient hieroglyphics. They also want him dead—afterwards!

PLAYS A SPY!

Moving clockwise from the circular picture in this photo-ornamentation, we can follow the adventures of Gregory Peck, as a professor of ancient languages, who falls foul of a Middle East plot. He is kidnapped by Kieron Moore, then unexpectedly aided by Sophia Loren—yes, even in her shower! Officially Sophia is attached to the suave oil magnate hiding behind the dark glasses. He is Alan Badel, who wants to make use of Peck and then kill him. Sophia doesn't agree and switches camps to save him. Peck seems quite capable of looking after himself (witness his escape at Ascot races), though even he must admit Sophia comes in handy during their visit to a building site . . . Phew!



CONFERENCE FOR TWO: Cover-girl Christie and columnist Crawley conferring.

THE TONY CRAWLEY COLUMN

• •

JULIE SAYS NO TO HOLLYWOOD

JULIE CHRISTIE, she of the short film career and shorter-than-short skirts, is responsible for my story of the month. A little thing titled: *How To Say "No" To Hollywood, "Yes" To San Francisco And Still Remain British* . . .

If there's one thing that Hollywood folk love, it's one of their "foreign" Oscar-winners staying on to make a film. Understandably, the moguls are anxiously trying to beat each other and import Julie first. Their offers? Tantamount to bribery and corruption! Her answer is still: *No.*

Personally, I don't blame her. I'd hate to see her get the usual full and all-over Hollywood-factory gloss treatment, a fate which befalls all visiting stars.

Frankly, Julie is none too keen on the place. The wild acclaim of Oscar night obviously did much to quell her memories of the cooler reception she received when passing through the place last year. But Julie is a great London fan, and hates being too far away from all her "mates". Apart from which, most of the scripts offered her are not worthy of her talent.

Best of the bunch—and still thumbed-down—was the long-delayed film version of the Broadway hit play, *Barefoot In The Park*. This is the role which made ELIZABETH ASHLEY famous . . . which NATA-

ANN-MARGRET in *The Swinger* . . . If only she'd bring in *my* lunch like that!

LIE WOOD was keen to film. Now that Julie has refused, her *Doctor Zhivago* co-star, GERALDINE CHAPLIN, will probably make it.

Explains Julie: "The girl in the story is a real New Yorker, and I don't think I should try to play such a girl when I've never lived there. It's a matter of the right attitude . . ."

Disappointed by the news, yet gallantly understanding, is the actor who would have been Julie's co-star, new find ROBERT REDFORD (see page 40). "It kinda turned me on when they mentioned Julie for the film," Bob tells me from Greece, where he's on holiday. "I saw her in *Darling* and thought she was wonderful; I would have enjoyed working with her . . . But I see the wisdom of her refusal. It was entirely her own decision; she just felt she couldn't capture the right mood of a New York girl."

Although Julie says "No" to Hollywood, she *is* going to work in America—on a British film! Next year she is to go on location to San Francisco with director RICHARD LESTER. This project comes from the JOHN HAASE novel, *Me And The Arch Kook, Petulia*, which CHARLES (*The Knack*) WOOD is scripting. "We'll change the title," says Dick. "I don't like it, and the British don't know the word "kook." I think we'll simply use *Petulia*.

"Basically, the film will be a fairly lyrical romantic story," he continues. "And, although we'll be filming over there, it won't be an American or Hollywood-type movie. I hope it will have more of a Continental feel to it. That's my plan, anyway."

Exactly the sort of plan to intrigue the Continental-film-loving Julie. She'll be Petulia, of course—a kook as a kook! According to Dick Lester, she'll have an American leading man. Who? That's not settled yet. But I know one would be very keen: *Robert Redford*!

Bond-men HARRY SALTZMAN and CUBBY BROCCOLI intend making yet another IAN FLEMING story, *Chitty Chitty Bang Bang*—from his books for children about a flying car. Not even 007's car can do that. Yet.

Phew! That was JACK LEMMON that was. For his new company, Jalem, Jack snapped up Cool Hand Luke *amazingly fast. The book by ex-convict DONN PEARCE wasn't even in proof form, which is when most books are quickly purchased these days. One of Jack's team merely saw a mention that Pearce was writing his book—and bingo, the deal was clinched in ten days.*

DAVID McCALLUM TELLS ME HE THINKS HE'S LEARNED ENOUGH ABOUT ESPIONAGE TO BECOME A REAL SPY. "BUT I'D BE A MARKED MAN WITH THIS RIDICULOUS HAIRCUT!" HE GRINS.

Some day, somewhere, somehow, a film about *Don Quixote* will be made. MIKE TODD was about to start his when he died. ORSON WELLES began his in Spain about seven years ago and keeps getting letters from the old man he cast as the Don to "hurry up and finish the film before I pass on". And now there are some five other Quixotic plans in the pipeline: JOHN HUSTON aims to make it with REX HARRISON and CANTINFLAS; *Zorba's* MICHAEL CACOYANNIS with ANTHONY QUINN (and a Quixotic dance?); JOSEPH LEVINE with PETER O'TOOLE; BRYAN FORBES with PETER SELLERS; and on their own account, ALEC GUINNESS and, of course, the dogged WELLES. Oh, it will happen all right. Somehow, somewhere, some day . . .

Meet MIKE RIPPS, a fast-moving new man on the American film-releasing scene. "They call me the Frankenstein of the movies," he says. "I revive the dead." Mike works like this: he buys non-commercial films and jazzes them

TO page 37

INSEPARABLE: They've been together now for six years—Robert Vaughn and his comedienne girl-friend, Joyce Jameson. On Bob's orders, she recently went on a diet. "Take off ten pounds and I'll give you a mink," he promised. She did. And he did!

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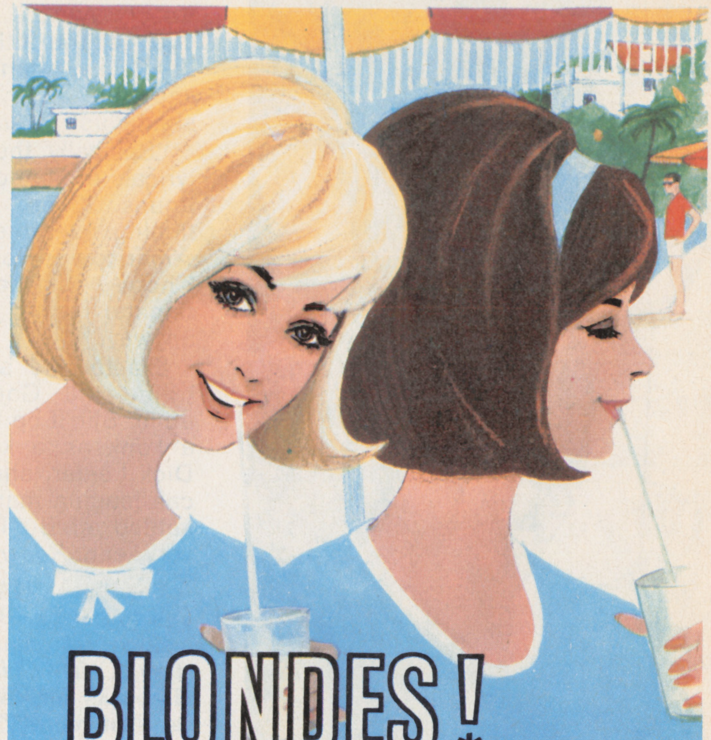

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FILMS COMING YOUR WAY

The Wrong Box

FROM FORBES... A BLACK COMEDY

AFTER three magnificent award-winning dramas, director Bryan Forbes has returned to comedy for his latest film, *The Wrong Box*. A mad, macabre and very black comedy, in fact. And joining in the fun and games in this fast-moving and amusing version of the old Robert Louis Stevenson story, is a tremendous cast.

The heart of the matter is a fortune of more than £100,000—left in trust for the final survivor of some 20 children. Around 1898, only two brothers from that tribe are still alive and kicking: John Mills, eager to inherit the money and pass it on to his grandson (Michael Caine), a rather unpromising medical student, and his brother Ralph Richardson. Mills decides to resolve matters by murdering his rival, but Ralph is not really worried one way or the other. However, he is constantly being worried about the loot by his nephews, Peter Cook and Dudley Moore.

For various reasons, both brothers are soon, on many occasions, being presumed dead, and Peter Sellers as a cat-infested medico is forever being called upon to supply false death certificates. Naturally, this kind of behaviour arouses the suspicion in the mind of detective Tony Hancock.

Who wins? Well, the beastly Cook and Moore have a good run for their money. They skip out of town with the loot, starting a madcap chase through London's streets, involving the Temperance Seven on a bandstand, and a cemetery full of mourners, hearses, an ice wagon, and a child's ponycart.

"It's a naturalistic farce," comments Michael Caine. "Think in terms of a Victorian play, with the heroes and the villains always being very obvious. For instance, I'm the sort of clean, forthright hero who, in his quaint Victorian manner, is madly in love with the girl next door."

A great departure from the overzealous bird-crazy Alfie, then? "I should say so," Mike laughs. "To give you a rough idea of how sexy it is, the big love scene is where I take my coat off and Nanette Newman sees me in my braces and passes out with the vapours. And that's the Continental version, mate!"

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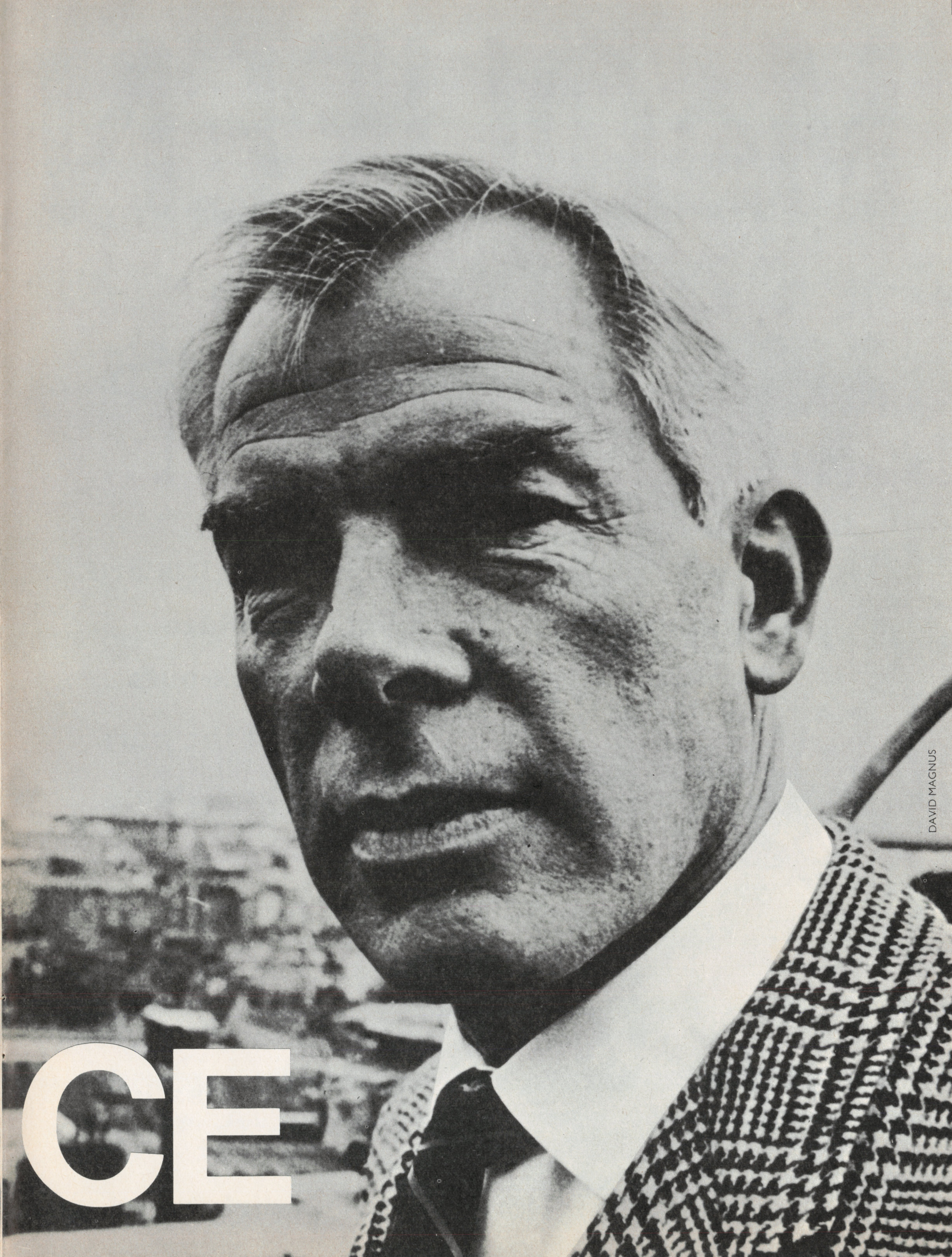
ROMANTIC—but very Victorian about it. That's Michael Caine and Nanette Newman in *The Wrong Box*. They are spied on by detective Tony Hancock (left).

HIS is a face you'd think only a mother could love: a great, dried prune of a thing, crushed and battered by 42 years of non-stop living—of drinking and brawling and whooping it up. But that same ferocious physiognomy has shot Lee Marvin to the very top of the tree as the meanest actor in town. *Mean?* You'd think he invented the word. TO page 30

MR.MENA



CE

DAVID MAGNUS

McQUEEN

LOSES HIS FRUSTRATIONS — AT 140 M.P.H.

The girls are absolute knock-outs and the bars stand side by side — but for the cast and crew of *The Sand Pebbles,* Formosa is almost a dirty word

By RODERICK MANN

IF you are a man and you fly to Formosa for the week-end, you will probably have the best time of your life. For the girls are absolute knock-outs and the bars stand side by side and rice-wine is the nicest way of getting sloshed.

Or, if you are of a more academic frame of mind and the pleasures of blind masseuses and girlie-bars leave you cold, there is always the Sun Yat Sen Museum, where 300,000 of China's greatest art treasures are now housed, all brought from the mainland by Chiang Kai-Shek's army 20 years ago.

And, for those neither academic nor Sybaritic but just plain stupid, there is the flight to the off-shore island of Quemoy, lying a mere 2,500 yards away from the Red guns.

"*You would like to go?*" they said, when I arrived.

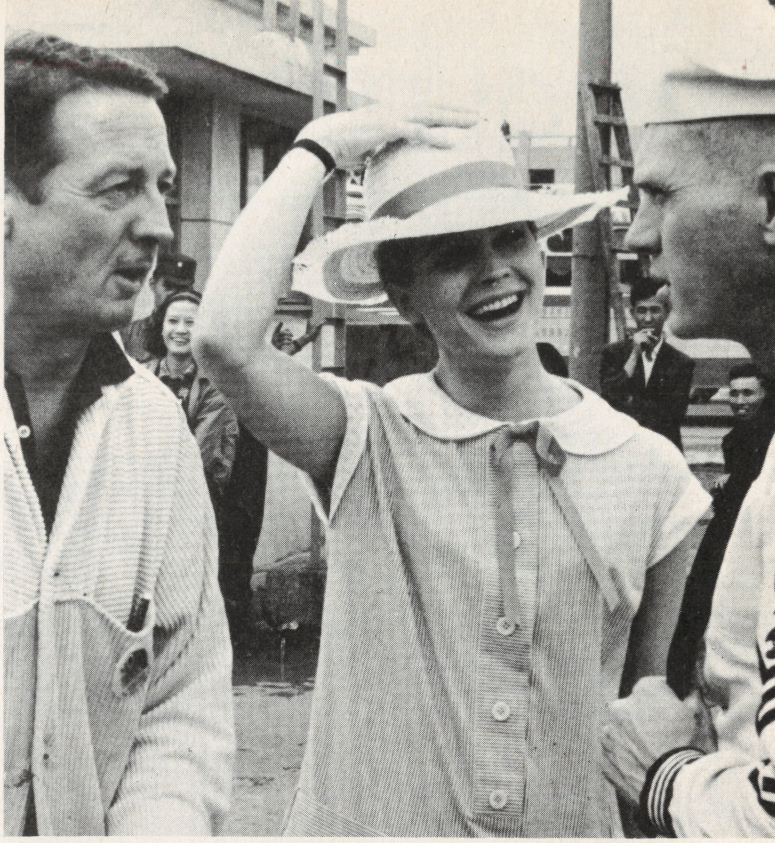
"I would not," I observed coldly. "The prospect of being shelled does not amuse."

"*Ah*," they said, smiling inscrutably, "*you are misinformed. We fly only on even days. There is an agreement with the Communist mainland that they will shell only on odd days.*"

All this, then, sounds like a barrel of fun—so long as you're there for only a day or two. But for the cast and crew of 20th Century-Fox's *The Sand Pebbles*, who spent months and months and months on the island, Formosa is almost a dirty word. They don't want to hear about rice-wine, or girlie-bars, or 100-year-old eggs. (Actually, it turns out this is a bit of a swindle. Chinese 100-year-old eggs are really only two months old. Wrapped in mud for eight weeks they are then boiled in water and soy sauce to a fine green-black.)

No. They have had Formosa up to their eye-balls.

TURN page



SPEEDY McQueen discusses his latest driving exploits with co-star Candice Bergen (above) and his wife, Neile (below).

McQUEEN

FROM overleaf

LIGHTS! CAMERA! ACTION!! And aboard the gunboat, *San Pablo*, Steve McQueen and Richard Attenborough are ready.

Part of the trouble, of course, is that it rains a lot there. Rains a lot? Hollow laugh. Keelung, where they did a lot of the filming, has 200 inches of rain annually. To the Keelungese, Manchester must look like the Riviera!

They were going to make *The Inn Of The Sixth Happiness* on Formosa years ago, but local officials baulked so much at the idea of the film showing bound feet and other ancient Chinese practices now considered "undignified", that Fox flew the unit out and re-created China in the Welsh mountains.

And, after it had rained solidly for days on end, the stuff coming down in sheets, director Robert Wise was wishing to God they'd found some fault with *The Sand Pebbles*—the story of Yangtse River gunboat diplomacy in the '20s. So were the stars: Steve McQueen and Richard Attenborough. Wales would have suited them just fine. Scotland. Ireland. Anywhere.

Mind you, it would have cost more. Apart from the 150-foot, high-stacked gunboat *San Pablo* itself, built in Hong Kong and probably the largest and most expensive movie "action" prop ever built, they also needed scores of junks and sampans.

They got them on Formosa for nothing. Back in Hollywood they would have added hundreds of thousands of dollars to the already high 8½-million-dollar budget.

"And apart from that, we wouldn't have captured the atmosphere," Wise said. "Though the way the weather's been going, I've sometimes felt like taking the *San Pablo* out myself and blasting off at something." She's armed, you see, with a workable three-inch gun on the bow and a one-pounder on the stern. And she's duly registered, too, flying the American flag.

The actors got rid of their frustrations in different ways.

Steve McQueen imported a Japanese racing motor-bike, a Suzuki G.P., and scared himself—and the local mechanic who tuned it—to death by belting round the island at 140 m.p.h. That man really loves speed.

Once, late for the location, Steve jumped into a battered old Buick belonging to a local driver called Clap-Clap Shapiro and, with Clap-Clap hanging on grimly, took off as if they had Gemini fuel aboard. At 90 m.p.h., on a road slippery as a serpent's tail and with vision totally obscured by driving rain, McQueen observed to the white-faced Clap-Clap: "I see you've got no shock-absorbers. That's good—makes it easier to control."

Clap-Clap said nothing. But what can you say, except wonder what that scudding sound is from below? "Oh, that," said McQueen with a grin, "that's just when the wheels touch the road!"

When McQueen tore on to the set, time elapsed since leaving was 12 minutes, 47 seconds. Normal time allotted for the trip was 25 minutes. He looked round to thank Clap-Clap. But he wasn't there. He was in the local Buddhist temple. Giving thanks and being sick. In that order. No wonder McQueen has to go to Lloyd's of London to get insurance.

Wisely, perhaps, Steve McQueen took a house on the island for the duration of the film. And bought a Chinese goose as protection against the bamboo vipers which lurk everywhere.

Mr. McQueen takes the safeguarding of his wife Neile Adams and their two children, Terry and Chad, very seriously. When he arrived on the island he was carrying a heavy duty ·38.

"They took it away from me at the Customs," McQueen scowled. "I think they got a little scared, remembering my pistol-packing performance in *The Magnificent Seven*."

But if you think Steve McQueen has guts, so has his lovely dark-haired wife. Neile had hardly arrived on the island when she opted to visit Quemoy, to entertain the garrison there, flying in low under the Red radar screen escorted by Chiang's fighters.

"The whole of Quemoy is burrowed with tunnels," she told me later. "Every man, woman and child of the 70,000 population can live and work underground. It's a fort, more so even than Gibraltar."

The auditorium, where she entertained, was a cave 600 feet beneath the surface of the island, chewed out of the rock heart of a mountain and seating one thousand people—the "people" being Chinese troops and ten, very homesick Americans.

"I'm not so sure," observed McQueen, later, "that I would do it."

Damn right. For when three Red Chinese defectors were being flown out from Quemoy to Formosa on a "non-beastly" day recently, they were jumped by Red fighters and shot into the water. You just can't trust anyone.

Richard Attenborough, who now finds himself with a brand-new Hollywood career—first with *Flight Of The Phoenix* and now *The Sand Pebbles*—braved the rigours of the island calmly. He, too, was bored stiff by the time it was all over, but is too astute an actor not to know that exposure in an eight-million-dollar epic can do him nothing but good.

To say nothing of the fact that, playing "Frenchie Bourgoyne", a Kansan, he actually gets the girl for the first time in 12 years.

"It's wonderful," he said. "You can't imagine how sick I got of playing all those moon-faced twits and quivering cowards of the lower deck. Of course, *Seance On A Wet Afternoon* was what got everything moving. It did very well in the States, and suddenly everybody was interested in me. And in Bryan [Forbes, who directed it]. Now, here I am, 43 years old and with seven Hollywood offers to choose from. Incredible."

Perhaps the person most bored by it all was pretty

TO page 43

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AS YOU CAN SEE FROM HER "AFTER" PHOTO, SHE HAS CERTAINLY ACHIEVED A MOST ATTRACTIVE, FULL, AND SHAPELY BUSTLINE FROM HER EFFORTS.

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THE DICK TATHAM COLUMN

MY MISTAKE...

JACK JONES TALKING

I wanted to model myself on my father

Today's star, Jack Jones, son of . . . .

yesterday's star, Allan Jones.

FRANK SINATRA has called him "*the most talented of the newer crop of singers*" . . . his records have won him two Grammy Awards (the Oscars of the disc world) . . . and he has had his own spectaculars on American television.

He is Jack Jones, the 28-year-old American singer.

In Britain, too, his LPs have earned him a big following. But how many among his thousands of teenage fans here realise that his father, too, was once a star?

The great Allan Jones, one-time Hollywood idol, was the man who had millions everywhere humming and whistling such unforgettable numbers as *Donkey Serenade* and *My Foolish Heart*.

Now son Jack is a star in his own right. And I phoned him in the States to congratulate him on his latest release here, *And There's Love*—the eighth from Decca. "It's great," I told him, "just great. Nelson Riddle's done a swell job with the arrangements."

"Thanks," he replied, and went on to explain that he had just been working on a new album with Marty Paich, who did the music for quite a few of his previous recordings.

"What's on it? Well, it includes a lovely song by Gordon Jenkins, *This Is All I Ask*. Also two great film numbers: *Shadow Of Your Smile* from *The Sandpiper*, and *I Will Wait For You* from *The Umbrellas Of Cherbourg*."

"It's high time you came to Britain to sing," I suggested.

"That would be wonderful!" came the reply. "As it happens, I know Britain well. When I was about 14, I was over there with my father. He did a summer season at Blackpool and then went on tour.

"During the tour we used as a base a London flat we rented from the Bernard Brothers—I still remember their fantastic miming act with records.

"I had a bike, I remember, and used to pedal round London and off into the countryside. And when I went with my father on a lot of his variety dates in the provinces, I took the bike with me. So I know a bit about the provinces, as well!"

What did it mean to have a star for a father?

"I grew up fired with the ambition to capture audiences the way he was doing it. He taught me plenty: gestures, stagecraft, how to handle lyrics and so on. Then in my late teens he let me go in on his night-club act. I joined in a song or two; did a bit of cross-talk. All good experience."

Not long after Jack got started on his own, he was called up and did a couple of years in the army. "When I came out I struck lucky with numbers like *Lollipops And Roses* and *Wives And Lovers*. And things have been swinging pretty well ever since."

Though he looks strikingly like his father in his heyday, Jack's vocal style is quite different. I asked him about this . .

"For months after I had gone solo I made the mistake of trying to sing in dad's style—basically an attacking one. I wanted too much to model myself on him," Jack explained. "Then I realised the style, so right for him, was wrong for me. I tried crooning the songs instead of striving for a big, dramatic treatment. Then success started."

"*I remember a string of your father's songs*," I said. "*Do you ever sing any of his old favourites?*"

"Sometimes I sing *Falling In Love With Love*. But the only one I always include in my act is *Donkey Serenade*—probably his most famous. Do you know, he recorded that the night I was born: 14th January, 1938."

I then asked Jack if he had seen his father's films.

"Most of them, I would think. When I was in New York just over a year ago, I managed to get copies of some of dad's old movies to show some friends. We thought they were great. I also have a big collection of dad's tapes and records."

"*How*," I wondered, "*was Allan Jones getting on?*"

"Dad? He's fine. Lives in New York. Been keeping busy with TV and radio dates. Now he's going into summer stock: stage revivals of some of the great musicals of the past."

"*How about your mother— Irene Hervey? A lot of filmgoers remember her.*"

"She's still in demand! She's been doing a TV series in Hollywood, *Honey West*."

Before he rang off, Jack told me he was about to move into a house he had bought on the edge of the San Fernando Valley, not far from Hollywood.

"I shall have a job settling in," he said, "because of work. I have a number of top TV shows lined up—including Andy Williams' and Red Skelton's. I am also appearing in a revival of *Oklahoma!* in Dallas, Kansas City—and Oklahoma!"

Certainly Jack Jones is keeping busy. But who knows, one day we may see him over here doing a TV show or two, or perhaps a cabaret season in the West End.

Meanwhile, we'll just have to make do listening to him on record. . . .

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WRAC

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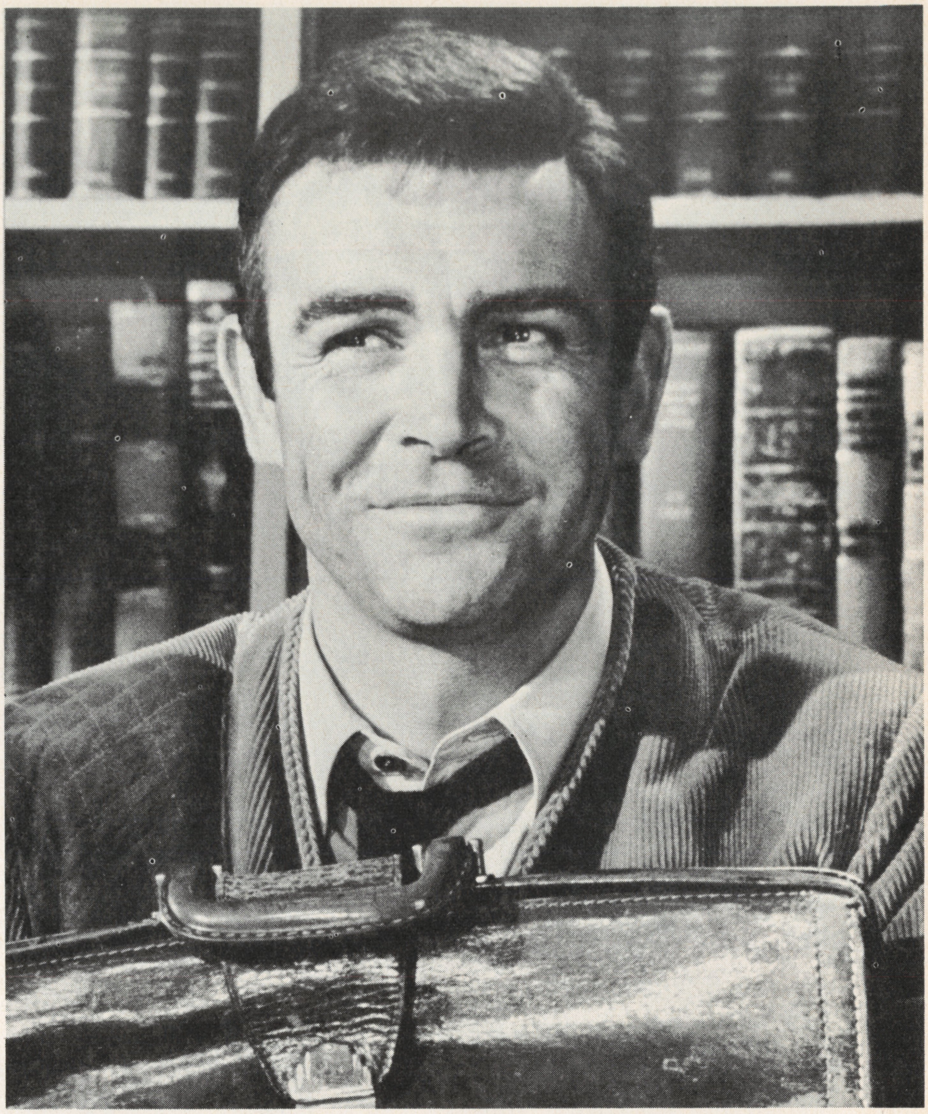
Look what happened when Hollywood got hold of Britain's top secret agents —and one of their own men. A few deft strokes with the make-up pencil, a toupee and a spray of lacquer and you have . . .

SPIES IN DISGUISE



CONNERY

With a brand new toupee, **Sean Connery** looks amazingly young and carefree in *A Fine Madness*, his first comedy since becoming James Bond. His role: Samson Shillitoe, a poet who shampoos carpets for a living, and hides away in a mental health institute to find the peace he needs to write his poetry.

There is little peace in Samson's hectic world, though. He's threatened with jail unless he raises back alimony for his ex-wife. His new wife, Joanne Woodward (below), works as a waitress and nags him about their lack of cash. Then up pops Jean Seberg, a bored and beautiful brunette. She is the wife of the health institute's top psychiatrist. When he finds them together (in a bath!) the doctor insists on a prefrontal lobotomy for Samson . . .

CAINE

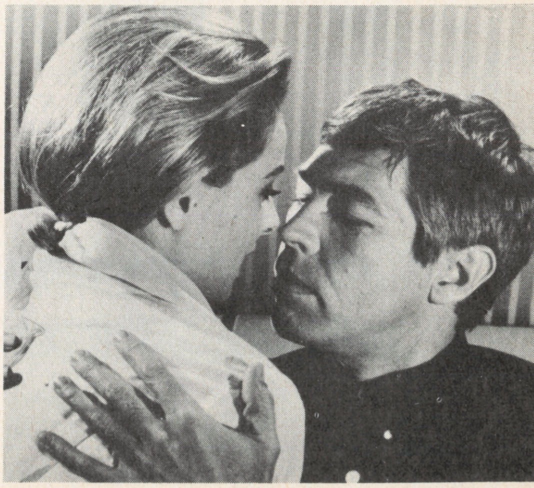
Poor **Michael Caine.** He's really had the full Hollywood treatment. He looks like a blond Valentino in his comedy-adventure, *Gambit*. "Ah, but that's my disguise for part of the film," Mike points out. His role: Harry Dean, international con-man.

What's his gambit? To steal a priceless antique bust of the Chinese Empress Lissu from tycoon Herbert Lom.

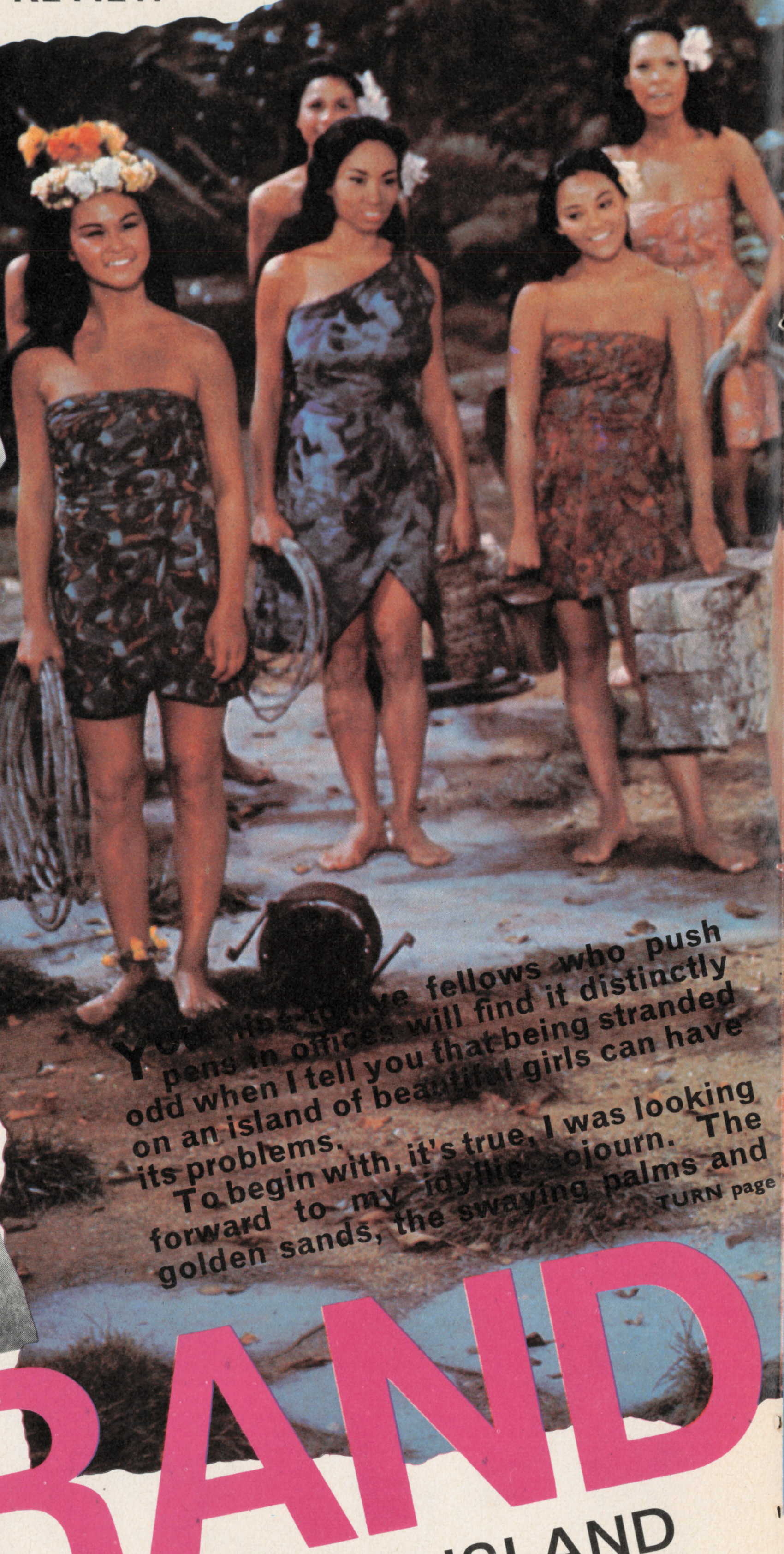
First he needs a girl to help him attract Lom's interest. But not just any girl. A near double to the Empress; a woman who resembles Lom's late wife would be perfect. Harry Dean finds just what he's looking for in a Hong Kong night-club. Her name is Nicole Chang (Shirley MacLaine, below). Once he has hired her, she poses with him as Sir Harold and Lady Dean . . . and the fun begins.

COBURN

You know him as *Our Man Flint* and now he's Eli Kotch—in *The Big Noise* as a spy-turned-con-man! And a master of disguise. Says **James Coburn:** "He's neither hero nor villain. He changes his personality, nationality and accent with each girl he uses to further his own ends." Of course, many beauties are won over *en route* to his goal—beauties like the German maid, Nina Wayne (below).



A SHOWTIME PREVIEW



YOU nine-to-five fellows who push pens in offices will find it distinctly odd when I tell you that being stranded on an island of beautiful girls can have its problems.

To begin with, it's true, I was looking forward to my idyllic sojourn. The golden sands, the swaying palms and

TURN page

STRAND

. . . ON AN ISLAND OF BEAUTIFUL GIRLS

ED!

WOMEN ARE PEOPLE
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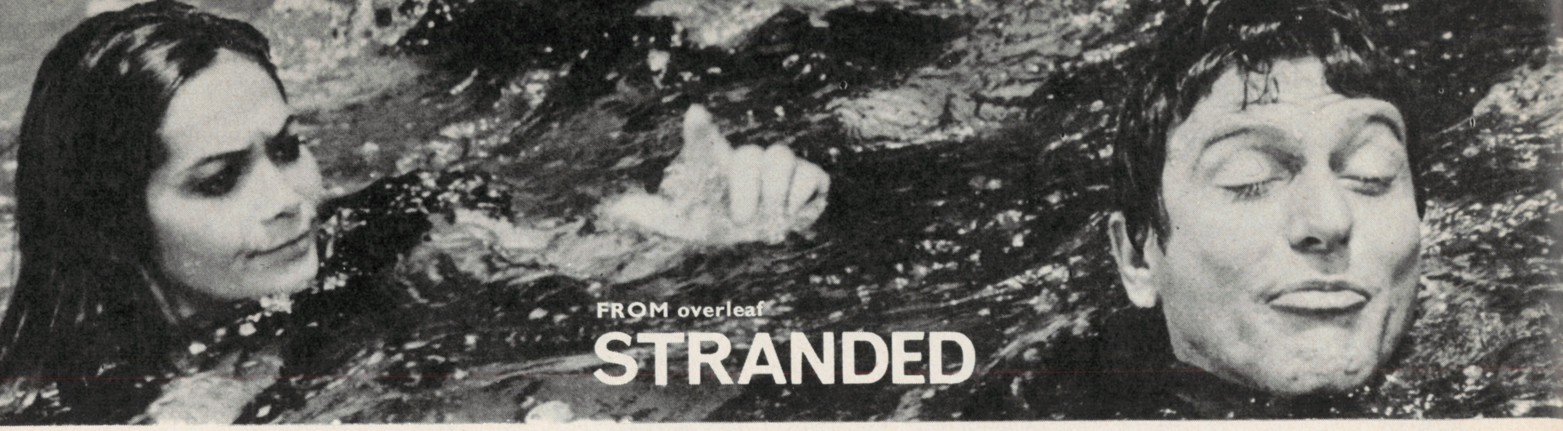
mashu
WOMEN
RIGHTS

●My name is Lt. Robin Crusoe. No, I'm not related to the famous Robinson, although our stories are rather similar . . . These aren't exactly holiday-snaps—unless you call crashing a U.S. Navy plane, parachuting into the briny and being washed ashore on a deserted island, a holiday. But I must say, it wasn't that bad. A beautiful girl turned up. I called her Wednesday. Well, she was no Man Friday and much better looking than Mrs. Thursday! She was followed by a bunch of other native girls and they certainly brightened up the scenery!



FROM overleaf

STRANDED

the green sea (not to mention the bunch of lovelies), were inclined to make me forget that I was Lt. Robin Crusoe, a navy pilot with responsibilities including, I may say, a beautiful fiancée.

Of course, when you turn up after being lost to the world for 18 months, you have some explaining to do. Especially when you appear garbed in only a goatskin. Well, I didn't plan it that way, I can assure you . . .

My rather unusual adventure began during a routine flight. My plane caught fire and I had to parachute into the sea.

Fortunately, at the time, I had a rubber dinghy with me, so I was able to stay afloat and take stock of the situation. It wasn't quite as hopeless as I first thought; I had good supplies, including a compass.

After falling overboard (which led to a rather nasty encounter with a shark) and overturning the dinghy, I drifted until the sun and a tropical storm rendered me unconscious. I thought it was the end for me but, to my delight and amazement, when I eventually came round, I found myself on the island.

At first the place seemed deserted, and that was when I really wished I was back home with my fiancée, Jane. But how could I get back to civilisation? To begin with, I gathered together all the coconuts I could find and spelled out "HELP" on the sand, in the hope a passing aircraft would spot it. Then I did what any sensible fellow would do: I built a shelter as protection from the weather.

It was after several days on the island that I had my first bit of luck. During an exploratory trip, I discovered a World War II Japanese submarine loaded with supplies and equipment. Also inside I found my first island friend—a playful chimpanzee!

Despite my new companion, however, I was still pretty lonely and most evenings were spent writing letters to my fiancée. Hopefully, I sent them off in bottles on the tide.

Then, one day, I got a surprise. The chimp and I were playing a game of pitch-and-putt golf we had invented, when we found a human footprint in the moist earth. Of course, curiosity got the better of me and I decided to follow the tracks. They led to a great stone idol—and a lovely native girl! She was gorgeous!

I doubt if Jane would have appreciated it, but I was rather pleased to see another human being on the island. The fact that it was a beautiful girl didn't make the slightest difference—honest! She, however, was not so pleased to see me. Instead of greeting me with open arms, she took it into her head to attack me with a club—a very unsporting gesture, I thought.

Finally, there was nothing for it but to bind the little vixen's hands and feet. But even that didn't teach her a lesson. After freeing her she tried the same trick—this time with a sword. It was only after great patience and gentle persuasion that the little savage was subdued.

After getting on more friendly terms, I soon discovered that if I had my problems, Wednesday (that's what I called her) also had hers.

Her father, Tanamashu, was chief of another island, and he had banished her for refusing to marry the man of his choice. It was a native superstition that the great idol, Kaboona, would deal with all those who opposed him.

The poor girl had been sent to my isle to die!

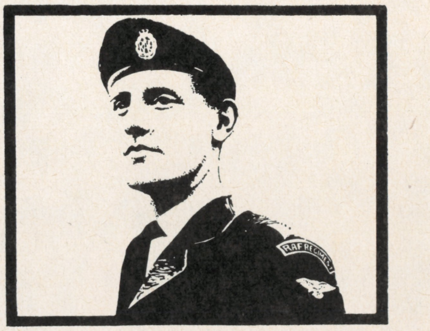
It didn't take me long to decide to help Wednesday: to protect her from her irate father.

The next day, however, it seemed I had bitten off a good bit more than I could chew, for a whole group of pretty girls arrived from the other island—for similar reasons.

With their arrival, I know I should have taken a back seat and let them get on with their problems in their own way. But . . . well . . . all those pretty faces and no one to lead them. It was too much. I had to help.

The decision was, I can tell you, almost my undoing. Soon I had joined the girls in their fight for "women's rights". An all-girl army to battle against Tanamashu and his warriors was formed.

Who wins the battle? And how did I end up aboard a ship on the way home to my fiancée? You will soon find out, for Walt Disney decided to make a film of my hilarious and hair-raising adventures. They got Dick Van Dyke to play me, and a honey of a girl called Nancy Kwan to play Wednesday. The film is called *Lt. Robin Crusoe, U.S.N.* You may care to look out for it.



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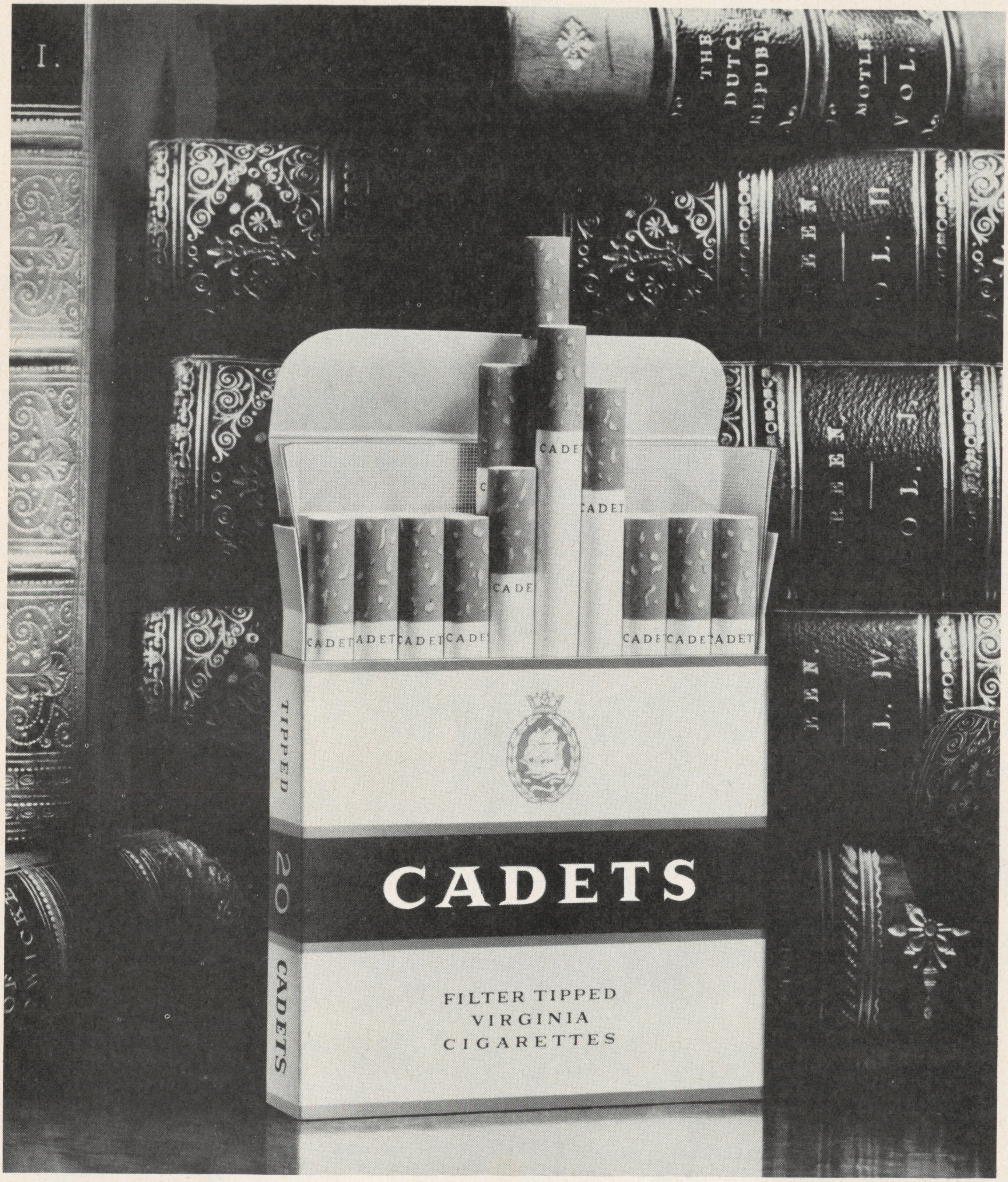
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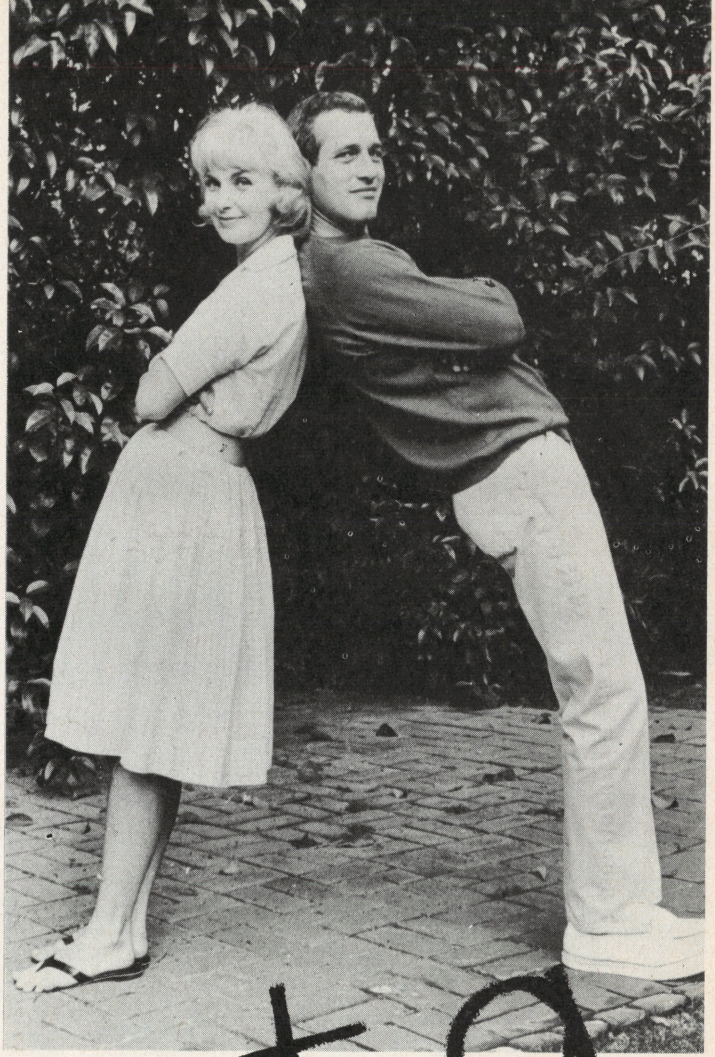
SHOWTIME'S SOUVENIR PORTRAIT

JOANNE WOODWARD and PAUL NEWMAN



we want a

Here, far away from the cameras . . . away from the crowds . . . Hollywood's most famous couple relax in the privacy of their own garden—and SHOWTIME's cameraman captures some magic moments

WHEN they are at home, Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward resent visitors. At premières, parties, personal appearances, and even out shopping, they accept the fact that they will be stared at and surrounded by crowds.

But when the film is over, the last bottle of champagne has been upturned in the ice-bucket, and the final flash-bulb has popped in their faces, they want to relax. There is only one place where they can really get that away-from-it-all feeling—their own home.

Despite their busy life, the Newmans are very much home-loving people. They have four children, the youngest, Claire Olivia, being only one year old.

Because of the large family, their huge Beverly Hills home is full of toys and books, and scattered about the garden are tricycles and miniature motor cars. There are also four swings. "One for each child," said Paul. "Although, as often as not, you'll find it's Joanne swinging back and forth."

When *SHOWTIME* sent photo-

dozen kids

grapher David Sutton around to the Newmans' home the three eldest children were out and Claire Olivia was fast asleep in her pram. Therefore, he was able to catch Hollywood's most famous couple in a particularly relaxed mood.

While he photographed them, they spoke about their new films and the interesting fact emerged that while Joanne had been filming with Sean Connery in *A Fine Madness*, Paul had been filming with Sean's wife, Diane Cilento, in *Hombre*. "It was quite a coincidence," said Paul. "We found we had quite a lot to say to each other *about* each other!"

Paul had also been filming with Britain's Julie Andrews in *Torn Curtain*. "She's a knock-out," he said.

But, films apart, the Newmans also talked about their rapidly-growing family. "We want a dozen kids," said Joanne. "We find children very relaxing. Paul has got the patience of a saint with them."

Joanne also explained that she is learning to play the guitar: "I always thought, when I was young, that it would be marvellous to be able to sing my children to sleep."

"Don't forget me," said Paul with a grin. "How about singing your hubby to sleep?"

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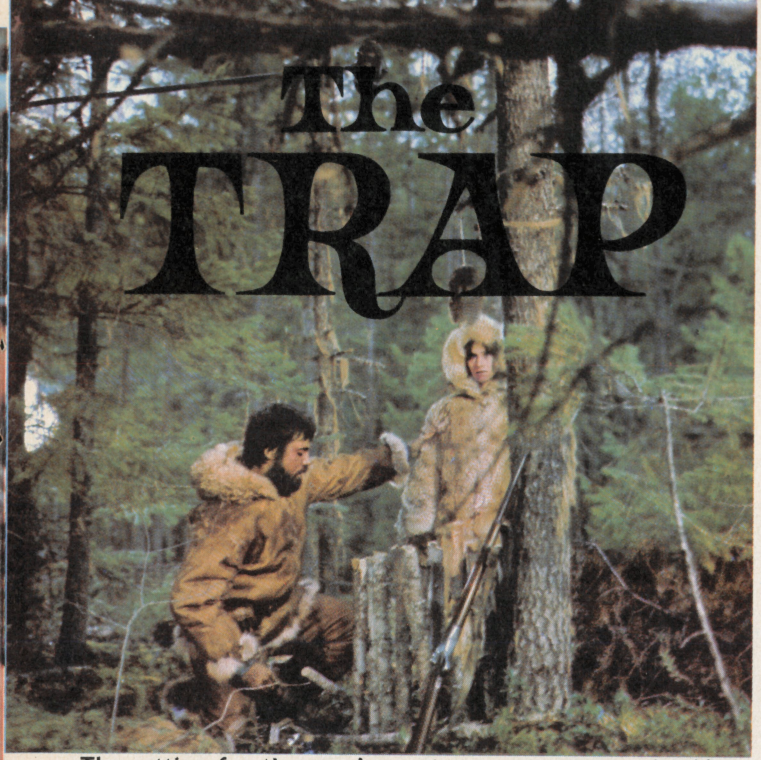
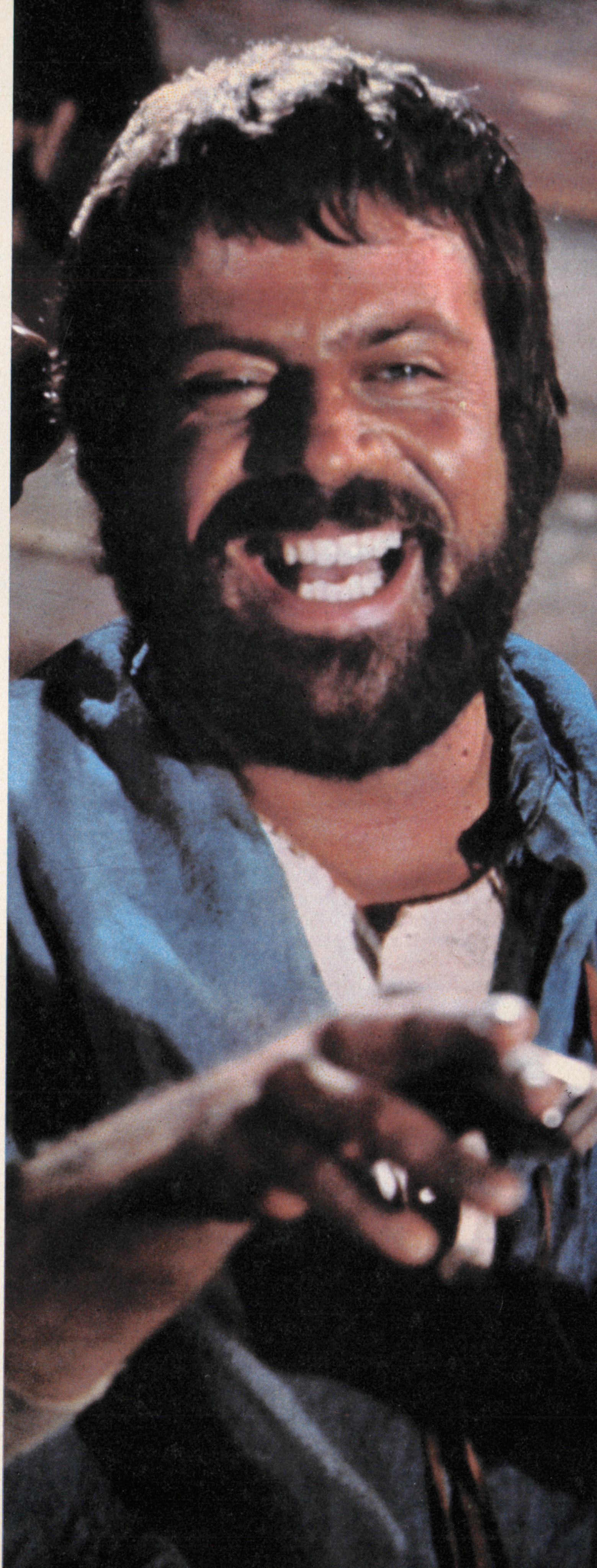
The TRAP



The setting for the year's most unusual romance is this savage wilderness. A strange background for love—then

this is a strange, but touching, love story, between a brutish fur-trapper and a mute servant girl.



IN *The Trap* there are several wild animals, including grizzly bears, wolves and cougars but, undoubtedly the wildest of them all is Jean La Bete. And he's human animal.

Set in the mid-nineteenth century, the story takes place in the mostly unconquered wilds of Canada. One man who is not afraid of the savage wilderness is La Bete, a trapper. Huge in build, spirit and strength, the French-Canadian is more like a bear than a man. He spends most of his time alone in the forest

TO page 43

MR. MENACE

FROM page 10

Don't give me any of that stuff about Jack Palance being tough. Or Ernie Borgnine. Or Stanley Baker. Compared with the menacing Mr. Marvin they are straight out of kindergarten. This man is *really* mean. He even scares his fellow actors.

Gloria Grahame, who made *The Big Heat* with him, says: "*There were times when I was scared to go on the set with him. When he gives you those white eyes, it's hard not to turn and run.*"

And Rip Torn, doing a gun-fight scene with him, was so unnerved when it came to the draw that he dropped his pistol.

You can't blame them. For Marvin acts as though it were all real.

"Listen," he says. "If I don't believe it, nobody will believe it. So I play the scenes for all I'm worth. Look at that film I did: *The Killers*. I wrote a lot of the script, because the director was a friend of mine. '*Let's be really mean in this one*,' I said. '*Let's beat up somebody blind*.' They were horrified at first, but they went along. So we hired about 20 blind guys—they were happy to earn a few extra bucks—and we had this scene where I barge in, knocking them all sideways, and pump bullets into the guy I'm after. Great. I still get a big giggle out of it, even now."

Where does all this violence come from, you wonder?

"Violence?" Marvin says, wide-eyed. And when Marvin is wide-eyed you wish there was something to hide behind. "I've got anti-violence stamped all over my heart. Just because I play these roles doesn't mean I'm like that really."

Then what about that man in the bar who got a banjo wrapped around his face?

"Oh, him?"—as though he were hardly worth discussion—"Listen, he was somebody who kept badgering me in this bar. I was drunk, sure, but he was out of line. So I let him have it. I took away his banjo and hit him in the face with it, knocking out a couple of teeth in the process. It cost me 28,000 dollars to settle those teeth. But that was an exception. I'm a real nice guy, deep down."

What about the time on an island off Mexico, when he and two friends strolled through the town naked?

"Say, where did you dig up all this stuff?" You're glad, at this stage, that he isn't armed, even with a glass of something. Remember how Gloria Grahame got it in the face in *The Big Heat*?

"Listen, that was just a refuelling stop. Some friends and I were coming back from Mexico, and we called in there. The only place we could get a drink was in a house of ill-fame, and when we came to go back to the boat we couldn't find our clothes. Not that we had much to begin with. So we strolled back to the boat naked. Nobody took any notice. Just three more gringos, juiced to the eyeballs. It was only a honky-tonk dump anyway, made mostly of five-gallon cans."

The Menace as one of *The Professionals*

Mexico seemed to crop up a lot in his talk. What was he doing down there?

"Drinking. And having a good time. There's no place like Mexico for having a good time. And I like tequila. Best drink in the world. But I do some respectable things there, too. Like fishing. We go after the big marlin. I once fought one for 11 hours—from 9 a.m. till 8 p.m. When I hooked him we were three miles off shore. When I lost him we were 65 miles away and out of gas. We didn't have him. He had us. All 800 lbs. of him. A lot of fish."

He has caught some monstrous marlin, you gather. Three years ago a marlin almost caught him.

"I hooked this big devil but instead of turning and running, he charged the boat. So the line was slack. There's nothing you can do. The fish jumped right on to the deck and began slashing away with that tail and spear. For ten minutes it ripped away, just raking hell out of the ship. Finally we beat it to death with clubs."

A pause here. A reflective look.

"Maybe I won't ever get back to Mexico, though, after this last film I did: *The Professionals*. We kill an awful lot of Mexicans in that one. They're not going to like me at all."

(*The story, you learn, revolves around the kidnapping of Claudia Cardinale by Jack Palance and his men and the hiring of four professionals—Marvin, Burt Lancaster, Robert Ryan and Woody Strode—to get her back.*)

It's interesting, talking to Marvin. He prowls around like a great white-maned cat. The publicity blurb says: 6 ft. 3 ins. But you know what those studio guys are. Actually it's only 6 ft. 2½ ins. But he's bone-hard and catgut lean and he looks taller. He's a restless man, and he chain-smokes.

Always a fine actor, now he finds himself getting loud hurrahs for his performances in *Cat Ballou*—for which he won this year's Best Actor Oscar—and *Ship Of Fools*.

But right at this moment, making *The Dirty Dozen* in London for Robert Aldrich, he isn't taking it too seriously.

"I've been around too long," he says. "For years I've been the bad guy killed off somewhere between the bar-room brawl and the cattle stampede. I was never allowed to hang around for the sunset or the last kiss. So now that I'm allowed to live through to the last reel, audiences are mad. Every bar I go into, some guy comes up and says: '*My wife hates your guts*.' Nice, huh?"

What about that TV series, M Squad, *in which he played Lieut. Ballinger? He was the hero in that.*

"Sure, I was always there at the last scene. But who cared? I was just a dumb cop; no broads, no mother, no sleep, no eat."

Marvin started out in life much as he meant to go on. He was tossed out of three schools in turn.

Born in New York in 1924, the son of an advertising executive and a beauty editor—"that surprised you, didn't it?"—he went to a Quaker school.

"My roommate and I were sweeping the room one day and he took the sweepings and dumped them out of the window. I said: '*That's a stupid goddam thing to do! Now we'll have to go down there and clean 'em up again.*' He called me a son of a bitch. '*Call me that again and I'll throw you out of the window*,' I said. He called me that again so I threw him out of the window. We were fairly high up. They kicked me out of school . . ."

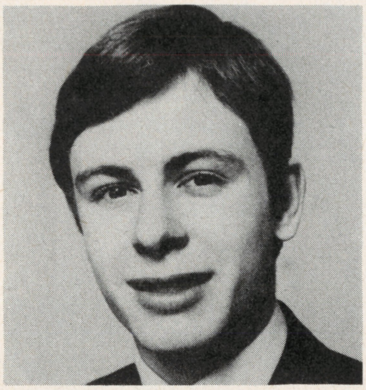
Two more schools, and two more run-ins with authority, and he joined the Marines. They sent him to the Pacific "where some lousy Jap got me in the spine." Actually it was on Saipan, and the bullet put him into hospital for 13 months. He jokes about it now—particularly his disability pension of £12 a month—but it wasn't funny then.

Out of the war, he took a stenography course—can you imagine? Lee Marvin taking dictation?—but soon

TO page 46

‘DDD CLEARED UP MY SPOTS IN A SHORT MATTER OF TIME’

says 17 year old Keith Nichols



"Spots can be embarrassing, especially if they're big. I thought I'd tried everything. Then I heard about DDD, and I tried it. It cleared up my spots in a short matter of time. If you use it properly it can be very effective." Keith Nichols, an apprentice watch-maker, discovered how DDD's unique prescription with 5 powerful antiseptics and other scientific cooling and soothing ingredients really *gets to work on spots.* Try DDD for yourself, without cost.

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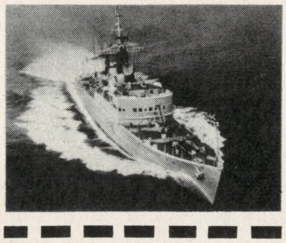

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films and filming

JOHN RICHARDSON

AT REST. Away from the glare of the studios, with the sun as her only spotlight . . . here is the real, composed Raquel.

AT WORK. They still call her "the most publicised girl who's never been seen on the screen." What's this then? Raquel and Broderick Crawford in her second film, *A House Is Not A Home*. Who's never been seen!

NEWSPAPERS have been rather apologetic of late when featuring Raquel Welch. Personally I make no apologies at all. It's about time we unravelled much of the misconception about this most stunning of Hollywood honeys . . . about time we had a look at the real Raquel, the girl who has suddenly spun out from nowhere to become a familiar name, face, and indeed, figure—even though her best films have yet to be seen in this country.

I have been lucky enough to see much of wonderful Welch (say Welch; never Welsh) during the past few months. And it has, I might add, been a pleasure.

- **I have seen her** blonde and near-naked making her British film debut, *One Million Years B.C.* I have seen her brunette again and dressed up to the nines, though naturally making the most of her eye-popping 37-22½-35½ figure. And I have seen her cool and carefree, dancing away the hours at the pride of London's discotheques.
- **I have seen her,** with the rest of the country watching, braving a deadly hour of certainly the most boring late-night show on television . . . and shrieking with horror on a more lively late-night daily TV programme when one publicity man stated over-frankly one reason for her immense success.
- **I have seen her** completely steal the limelight—with no intended effort at all—at two splash London film premières.

THE REAL RAQUEL WELCH

by Raquel Welch

Pinching one from the film's entire male cast, flown in from all over the world for the event . . . the other from bigger (but hardly more beautiful) stars, even Royalty itself, at this year's Royal Film Performance.

● **I have seen her** posing with sensuous ease for cameramen ("she just turns it on—me, too," exclaimed one usually more laconic lensman) . . . meeting important stars and politely calling them "Mister" . . . and waving to fans—most of whom, to be honest, weren't too sure who she was, what she was, or even if they had ever seen her before. No matter, the British public usually knows a potential star when it sees one.

And all, like I say, most enjoyable. Until you happen to mention you've met her to someone else in the film business. Do that—and you run head-on into the Raquel rumours. Vicious, often scurrilous attacks on her good name and fame. The usual kind of thing, alas, which follows any girl who happens to be both beautiful and successful.

TURN page

AT PLAY. The surf, the sand and the bikini. Familiar ingredients for the best of pin-ups. This is from a set of her most famous photographs—taken in the Canary Isles during an hour's wait for a plane to London to complete her role (right) in *One Million Years B.C.*

MARC SHARRATT

THE REAL RAQUEL WELCH

Why does she keep her marriage secret?

FROM overleaf

RAQUEL & CO: Raquel with husband and manager, Patrick Curtis.

Is she really dumb? I've been continually asked . . . *Isn't she nothing more than a cold, hard, calculating dame?*

The real truth is—she isn't. Raquel (say Ra-kel) is shrewd, certainly, and very business-like about her business. But she's no cold-hearted machine.

And don't forget—she *IS* American; and it was the Statesiders who invented the phrase "show business" simply because to them it is a business—a fact that has yet to percolate through to many other lands, it appears.

"I honestly believe that people like to think I'm hard, cold, determined and without any warmth whatsoever," Raquel admitted to me one day in her dressing-room.

"Well, it's just not true! I merely like to feel prepared for my job and to plan for what I want, the best way I can. To be ready and able to take advantage of any opportunity. So far, I've been lucky, very lucky.

"Sure, my life here—at the studio—is really a business. It doesn't seem that way to outsiders because the film industry is so glamourised. But that's all it is—a business. A business of dollars and cents.

"If you realise that, you know what to offer a producer in order to make him put you in pictures. Not yourself—that's out! No producer these days is going to risk two million dollars on a girl-friend! No, you've got to have the ability. You've got to have the publicity behind you. You've got to have all this and more besides—an awareness, an experience, of the business and all its facets. I mean, how else can you run a business?"

After a couple of swift years, Raquel knows her business all right. She doesn't let it rule her completely, though. Her heart—like the rest of her—is in the right place.

But still the rumours fly. Only one among the hundred or so, is correct, however. *She's married isn't she?* Yes she is. But she prefers not to say too much about it. "I like to keep part of myself to myself," is how she puts it.

For the record: Raquel has been married twice—and she has two delightful children from her first marriage. Her husband today is Patrick Curtis, 30, ex-juvenile actor and publicity-man, now her manager and president of their film company, Curtwel Productions (she's vice-president). And it is he, if anyone, who is the real machine, the guiding force, behind her speed-along career.

Why she keeps quiet about her marriage is something I don't understand. I respect privacy, but the very fact that she is a wife and, what's more, a mother of two, makes her a more exceptional sex-symbol than ever. No one is likely to confuse her with Hollywood's previous housewife-cum-sex-symbol, Carroll Baker. She was a flop in that department; Raquel is very definitely not.

She still prefers to hedge any marital queries, however. She refers guardedly to the golden ring on her marriage finger as "a friendship ring"; to Curtis as "my manager."

Raquel did some time ago go so far as to suggest that "early marriages are pretty stupid things," and went on to say that "when I marry, it'll have to be to someone who wears well."

Patrick Curtis certainly seems to be wearing well. With a wan smile on his tanned, slack-lipped face, he has survived the huge onslaught of interview and photo-session demands, plus the piles of scripts, which have poured into their Belgravia mews house since they arrived in London.

"I have to give Patrick a lot of credit for all that's happened," says a dutiful Raquel, in her agreeably husky voice. "I'm very grateful to have stumbled on to somebody so genuinely interested in me. We met several times in Hollywood and he'd tell me: '*You're going about things in the wrong way. You should be working more.*' Then he took me to an agent and, little by little, it began to work.

"Now the way we work together, it's really a collective effort. I believe if you don't look out for yourself, nobody's going to do it for you. That might sound a sort of cynical attitude, but I've found it to be very true in this business.

"No, I don't think he's changed me at all. He's no Svengali! But we joke a lot about that. Any time we get upset over anything, he looks at me and says: '*I picked up this little waif out of a gutter, moulded her and created her to what she is now . . .*' And I just laugh and say: '*Aw come on now, you saw me walking down a street, and you knew I was something good. You thought: I'm latching on to that and riding the whole way to the top!*' "

The apologetic columnists and caption-writers providing most of Raquel's vast publicity spreads in papers and magazines have lately begun to call her: *The most publicised girl who's never been seen on the screen.*

This, too, is wrong. She had made four films before coming to Britain. And two of them were seen here more than a year ago: Elvis Presley's *Roustabout* and *A House Is Not A Home* with Shelley Winters.

The others are *Swingin' Summer* (which Curtis produced for cowboy star Dale Robertson's company); and her first real starring picture, *Fantastic Voyage*, with Stephen Boyd.

Then Raquel arrived in London amid a great deal of continual publicity (hardly surprising: it was quite a change for a visiting beauty to be American and not Continental) to make *One Million Years B.C.* with John Richardson and Martine Beswick.

These last two are the kind of films which Curtis and Raquel carefully select for her to make the most impact in the film world. "Films where she is the only woman with a big role," explains Curtis. "Then she has all the focus."

She gets the focus all right. But we don't. Not just yet. Ironically, both *Voyage* and *B.C.* require about six to nine months extra special-effects filming before they are ready for release. And so by the time they're ready, her Italian film with De Sica, and maybe *Casino Royale* (if she has time to fit it in) will be opening too. And we'll be in for another rush of Raquel. On-screen this time, though.

Meanwhile, Raquel goes on proving SHOWTIME right. In our January issue we dubbed her *1966 Girl*. She's that, all right! And she's following the general pattern I prophesied for her at that time. I suggested that once here, it would be some time before Hollywood could hope to win her back.

She agrees; but obviously she will return home—when a good script makes the trip necessary. Meanwhile, in Europe, she and Curtis are busy enough choosing between this film and that. She turned down *Deadlier Than The Male* with Richard Johnson and Elke Sommer at Pinewood (she is replaced by Sylva Koscina); and then dropped Italy's proffered *The Devil And Love* with Vittorio Gassman, in order to make *The Biggest Bundle Of Them All* in Rome, with Robert Wagner.

Producer Charles Feldman is still after her to join his huge star cast of *Casino Royale*. Maybe she will. Maybe, though, Hollywood, Paris, or London will come up with something better.

"London," Raquel remarks, "has changed my philosophy completely. You take it so much more easy here. Oh, I love London! This is THE place right now. But I do have commitments at home (a five-year contract with 20th Century-Fox for a start), and I will have to return eventually. That will be good for me, too. Because I don't believe you can do only European films and have an international career. The American market is too big to ignore or avoid."

And Raquel has, naturally enough, a soft spot for Hollywood. That's where she started—at the Deb Stars' Ball . . .

"Very funny really," she recalls with a lazy grin. "Because people in Hollywood always told me: *'Every year we have this Deb Stars' Ball and there are 12 girls in a parade. And you never see the 12 girls again!'* They made it sound a really rinky-dink affair. But it isn't—it wasn't! It all depends on the person and the opportunity and the particular point in your career, and taking advantage . . ."

The ball is an annual event, sponsored by the make-up artists and hairdressers of the American film industry; and candidates for the final 12 Deb Stars are submitted by the leading film and TV production companies. At the time, Raquel was appearing weekly as the Billboard Girl ("in a Las Vegas-type costume") in the TV cabaret-style show, *Hollywood Palace*.

"The Deb Ball is televised—coast-to-coast—and all the important producers attend the event," adds Raquel. "The girls are supposed to be relatively unknown (best known in my line-up was ex-Miss America, Mary Ann Mobley, who has made films with Elvis Presley and so on) and this event is supposed to give them their introduction to these important people, you see.

"Well, it just happened that the right man was there as far as I was concerned—and he liked me. Or perhaps I should say, the right woman. Mrs. Saul David (wife of the producer of *Our Man Flint* and *Fantastic Voyage*) was the one who noticed me. She nudged Saul and said something like: *'Hey, don't you think that one has something for the picture you're planning?'* And Saul said: 'Maybe she has.'

"Later on he asked to see me and to test me and that's how my breaks started . . ."

TONY CRAWLEY

NEXT MONTH ▪ Testing for *Our Man Flint* . . . intervention by our man Bond . . . her starring debut in *Fantastic Voyage* . . . and her views on nudity, beauty contests and success—and how to work for it . . .

HI!
PETER SOLVES HIS PROBLEM and the GIRLS COME RUNNING
GOAL!
GREAT
WOW!
POW!
PETER
CAPTAIN
THAT WAS A GREAT GOAL, PETE! COME ON OVER AND MEET THE GIRLS
PETER
SORRY, BUT I CAN'T STAY
1ST GIRL
PETE WOULD BE O.K. IF HE DID SOMETHING ABOUT HIS SPOTS
2ND GIRL
WHY DOESN'T HE? - I HATE TO SEE WASTED TALENT
THINKS
WHATS THE POINT OF MEETING GIRLS, WITH THESE SPOTS
CAPTAIN
LOOK, PETE, WHY DON'T YOU GET TACKLE FOR THOSE SPOTS? IT HELPS CLEAR SPOTS FAST. LOTS OF THE FELLAS USE IT - DOESN'T SHOW, AND IT FEELS GREAT, LIKE AN AFTERSHAVE
LATER...
PETER
SHOULD HAVE GOT TACKLE BEFORE - ITS GREAT MY SPOTS ARE CLEARING UP FAST
1ST GIRL
YOURE COMING TO THE PARTY, AREN'T YOU PETE?
SIGH!
2ND GIRL
PETE YOU'VE GOT TO COME
PETER
THINKS
WELL, TACKLE SURE MAKES A MAN FEEL IN DEMAND!
THE END
TACKLE
MEDICATED CLEAR GEL FOR MEN
FOR YOUNG MEN TACKLE MEDICATED CLEAR GEL
FOR PIMPLES BLACKHEADS OILY SKIN
CHECKS SKIN INFECTION, AND HELPS CLEAR SPOTS, BLACKHEADS, AND ACNE FAST! INVISIBLE, NON-GREASY, COOL AND REFRESHING - USE IT LIKE AN AFTERSHAVE.
CLEAR YOUR SPOTS THE MAN'S WAY - GET TACKLE!

DISC REVIEWS

ONCE or twice on her new LP, ***Too Many Rivers*** (*Brunswick*), Brenda Lee sounds extraordinarily like Eartha Kitt. But, that apart, the album is put over in her distinctive, clear and charming style and almost all the songs are worth listening to over and over again—which is more than can be said for many numbers selected for LPs.

Brenda begins with the Tom Jones hit *It's Not Unusual*, and then soars through such numbers as *Call Me Irresponsible;* the title song; the Bricusse-Newley number, *Who Can I Turn To?; Whispering;* and *Stormy Weather*.

Side 2 begins with *Hello Dolly!* Then comes the Nat "King" Cole favourite, *Unforgettable*, *Everybody Loves Somebody* and three other infectious goodies.

The lush-voiced Brenda has chalked up another winner with this album.

● ***James Brown Plays James Brown Today And Yesterday*** (*Philips*) is a showy but lively album which showcases the band and Brown's organ sounds. Instrumental versions of some of his top vocal hits, including *Pappa's Got A Brand New Bag* and *Try Me*, are featured on Side 1, but my favourite is *Sidewinder* which has a definite jazz feeling and gives the band a chance to swing behind some very fine alto sax and trumpet solos.

Side 2 gets off to a dull start with the repetitious *Out Of Sight* and *Maybe The Last Time*, but I liked the ballad, *Every Beat Of My Heart* and Horace Silver's hit, *Song For My Father*.

Many will enjoy this swinging affair with James Brown; many will be left unmoved like I was.

● Tony Britton and Anne Rogers do an excellent job on their ***My Fair Lady*** (*MFP*) album but, of course, they can't compare with Rex Harrison and Julie Andrews.

All the numbers from the show are included, but the two artists, along with Jon Pertwee (taking over from Stanley Holloway), do not do much to give the well-known songs a new look. The musical direction by Alyn Ainsworth is solid and satisfactory, but uninspired.

● I prefer Mantovani and his orchestra in small doses, but there are millions who like him in large helpings and I know they will enjoy his new album, ***Mantovani Magic*** (*Decca*), immensely.

The usual Mantovani ingredients have been poured into this album: the sweeping strings; the tinkling piano; the lush arrangements. He's chosen some pretty songs, too. The Johnny Mathis number, *Misty;* the oldie, *Red Roses For A Blue Lady;* the *Mary Poppins* number, *Chim Chim Cheree*—these are but three of the tracks on Side 1.

Side 2 boasts just as impressive a list of melodies: the Hoagy Carmichael evergreen, *Stardust;* the Rodgers and Hart favourite, *The Most Beautiful Girl In The World;* the song Nat "King" Cole helped to make famous, *Mona Lisa;* and the old Vera Lynn song, *Auf Wiederseh'n Sweetheart*.

Each track is richly produced and, if you are fortunate enough to own stereo equipment, you will really get a feeling of being "swept away by the music." It's all a little too sweet for my taste.

But I won't argue with those who find that the Mantovani magic is more impressive than anything that came out of a hat.

● Marianne Faithful has recorded a sad, wistful album titled ***North Country Maid*** (*Decca*), and my only complaint is there's not enough variation in mood or style.

Marianne sings with considerable warmth and feeling—as in the love song by Bert Jansch, *Green Are Your Eyes;* and Ewan McColl's *The First Time I Ever Saw Your Face*—but I felt I needed a pick-me-up when the disc was all over.

Even so, there are some interesting tracks on the LP. *Sunny Goodge Street* was specially written for Marianne by Donovan; *She Moved Thru' The Fair* was originally a traditional Irish tune; the title song, *North Country Maid*, was one of the first polite Victorian adaptations of bawdy English balladry (it was originally called *Quodling's Delight*); and *How Should I Your True Love Know?* is the first of Ophelia's "mad" songs for Act IV, Scene 5 of *Hamlet*.

This is a brave attempt to record something completely different, and the experiment almost comes off.

● ***Shirley Scott In Person*** (*His Master's Voice*) was recorded live at The Front Room, Newark, New Jersey, and is an excellent souvenir of Miss Scott's Quartet in action. The group, on this occasion, consisted of Stanley Turrentine on tenor, Bob Cranshaw on bass, Otis Finch on drums and Shirley Scott, of course, on the organ.

Surprise visitors at the court of the Burtons: Sonny and Cher. Picking up tips for their forthcoming film, perhaps?

Tracks include: *Just In Time*, in which Turrentine sets a pretty fast pace; *Just Squeeze Me*, in which Shirley achieves a striking percussive effect in her solos; the lyrical *That's For Me;* and the Miles Davis number, *The Theme*.

- There are not many Frankie Vaughan favourites missing from his new LP, ***Return Date*** (*Philips*). The album, recorded live during one of the singer's performances at London's Talk of the Town, includes many of the numbers which took him into the charts not so long ago and, even now Frankie is a stranger to the Top Ten, they still sound lively and fresh.

Green Door, *Tower Of Strength*, *Garden Of Eden*, and the singer's signature tune, *Give Me The Moonlight*, are all included on Side 1. Side 2 begins with a few oldies; *Bye Bye Blackbird*, *You Made Me Love You* and *Toot Toot Tootsie*. This is followed by *Hello Dolly* and *Loop De Loop*.

Throughout the LP, Frankie is in fine form. The album is an excellent souvenir of the show.

- Nino Rota's unusual music for Federico Fellini's controversial film, ***Juliet Of The Spirits***, is captured on a new *Fontana* LP carrying the picture's title.

Carlo Savina conducts the orchestra through the many numbers which will be familiar to those who saw the film.

My favourites: *Rugiada Sui Ranocchi; La Ballerina Del Circo Snap; Valzerino Del Nonno; Cupido Ha Sonno.*

SUSAN DELL

THE TONY CRAWLEY COLUMN

FROM page 7

up with extra (usually sensational) scenes and, most important of all, a racier title. Hence My Soul Runs Naked *(exploitable enough I'd have thought) becomes* Rat Fink. *Adds Mike: "You can't describe a movie like* Rat Fink*—you see it!"*

***Joining the queue for jolly JULIE ANDREWS . . . JACK LEMMON for* Band Of Gold *and FRANK SINATRA for* Say It With Music.**

The French are delighted because they've suddenly discovered they have their own JULIE CHRISTIE. She's been around for some time—14 films, in fact, including one with BB. That's rather significant because MIREILLE DARC is today's kind of BB. Since quitting comedies and starring as *Galia*, Mireille has become to French girls what Julie is to ours: the personification of the 1966 forward-looking girl. Single and free, beautiful and bold, the main difference between Mireille and Julie is that Mireille strips in films. What do her parents think of her screen-nudity? "Same as everyone else, I suppose," she comments. "What a dish . . .!"

QUOTE: "I'M 25. THAT'S MY REAL AGE. BUT WHEN I'M 27 I'LL STAY THERE."—ELKE SOMMER, HERE FOR ***DEADLIER THAN THE MALE.***

***On My Bookshelf:* Modern Czechoslovak Film, by Jaroslav Bokoe (Spring Books, 21s.) The French, Italian and Swedish movie-makers are well known and the next country to burst upon the international scene will be the Czechs. They have some talented people, as we've seen already in films like *Peter And Pavla*, *A Blonde In Love* and this year's Oscar-winner *Shop On The High Street*. This book could not have been better timed, for it's a film-by-film account of the rise in the Czech cinema since 1945. An important handbook.**

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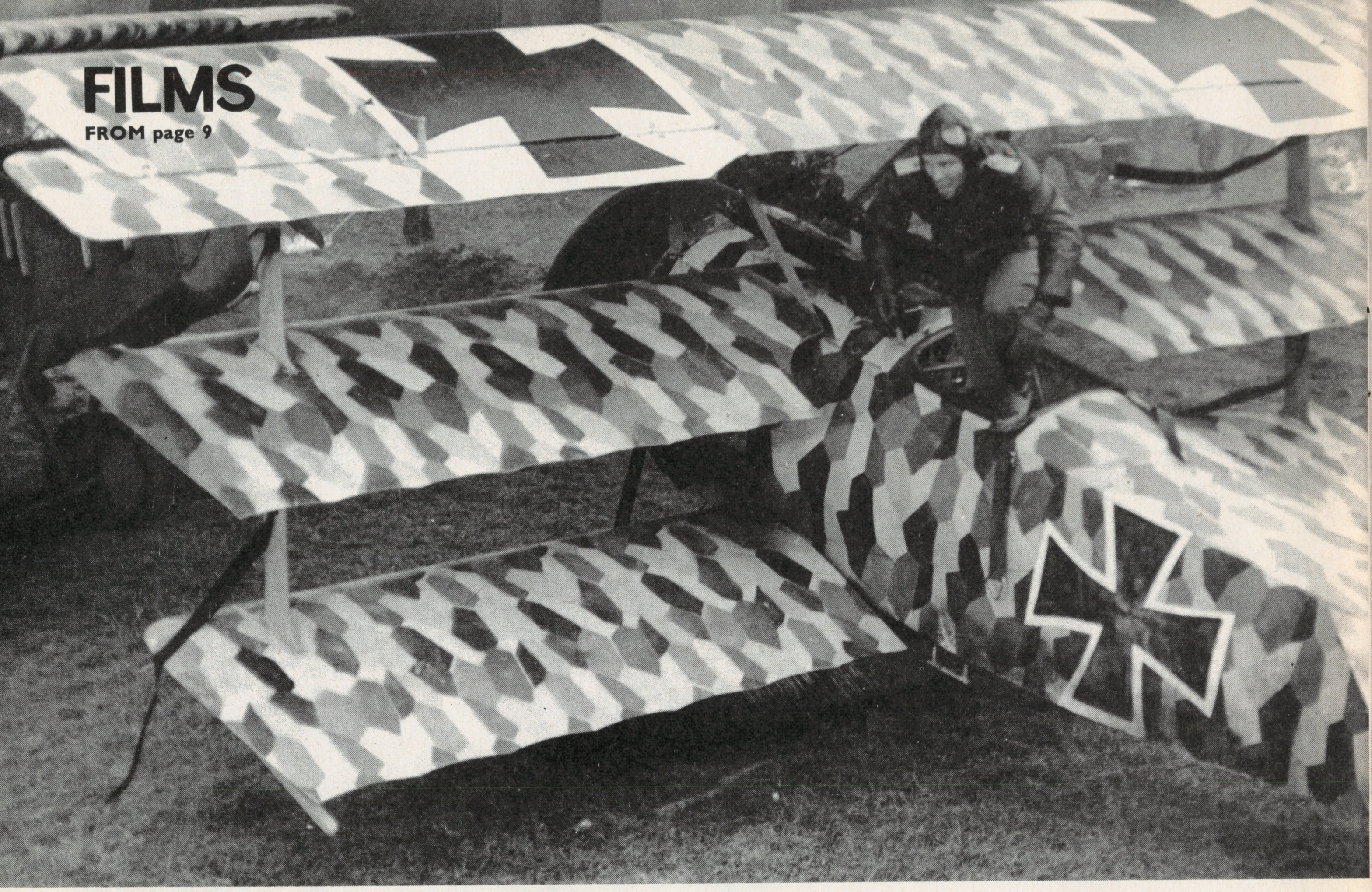
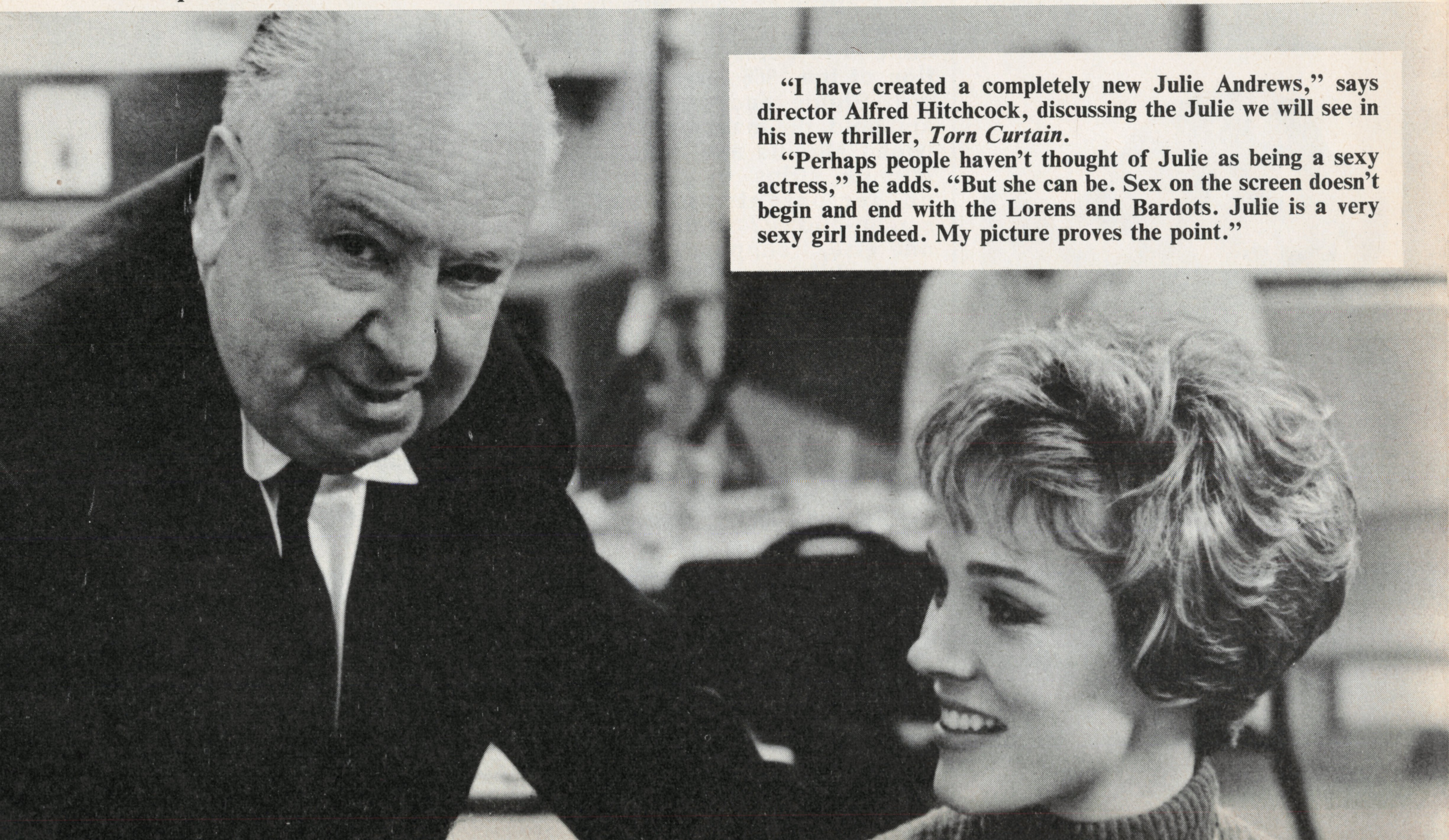


● The four long years of the First World War brought a complete transformation in the strategy and conduct of war with the evolution of a new breed of man, an unprecedented warrior—who duelled in the air from infant aircraft born of sheer experimentation. This is the backcloth—and a terrifying, realistic one—for *The Blue Max,* a taut drama of heroes and heroics from the German side in this first war in the air.

George Peppard, seen here fleeing from his crashed plane, stars as one of these new heroes; a man with a compulsive desire for prestige and adulation.



"I have created a completely new Julie Andrews," says director Alfred Hitchcock, discussing the Julie we will see in his new thriller, *Torn Curtain.*

"Perhaps people haven't thought of Julie as being a sexy actress," he adds. "But she can be. Sex on the screen doesn't begin and end with the Lorens and Bardots. Julie is a very sexy girl indeed. My picture proves the point."

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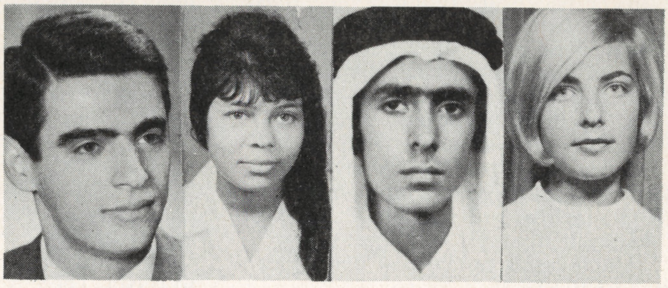

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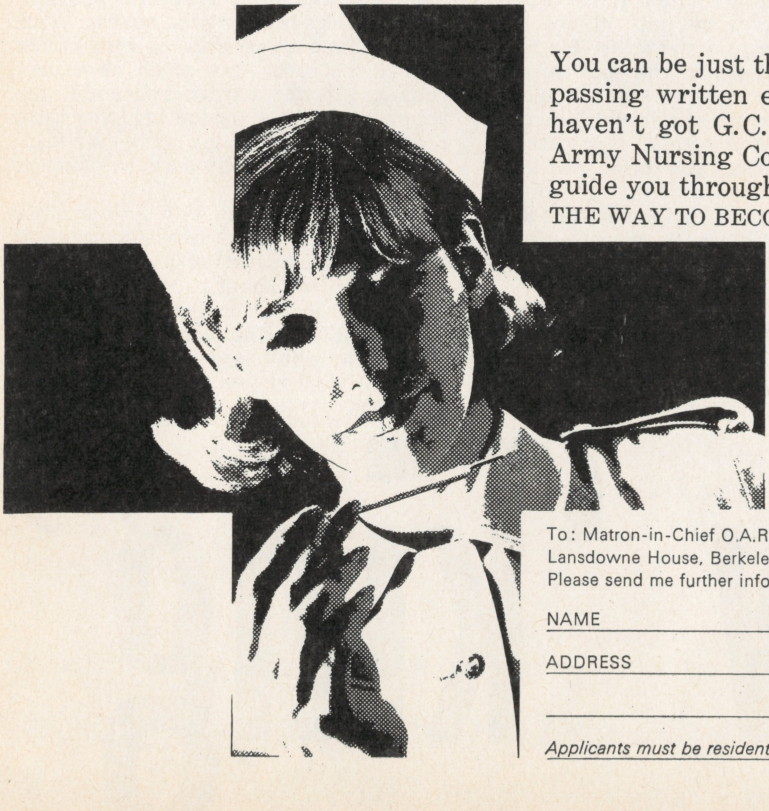

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QUALIFY WITH THE QA's

HE'S a big man, six feet tall, with broad shoulders, reddish-blond hair and a face that is definitely American . . . square-jawed, with watchful blue eyes and an easy smile.

He is 27-year-old Robert Redford, America's finest new acting prospect; a natural successor to the old kings of Hollywood, the Gables, the Coopers and the Bogarts.

Unlike so many of today's "frail" film idols, Redford has the rugged young Finney-Stamp image of the 60s. He's the kind of man other men will enjoy watching —and take their women to see.

In just five years—and five films—he has come from Broadway and television, via painting and world-wandering, to the sort of stardom that rates him a six-figure salary.

In *The Chase* Marlon Brando is the star, but it's an even bet that audiences will rave for Redford. As the hunted fugitive, Bubber Reeves (right), he generates the kind of excitement not seen since Brando himself stalked the screen as *The Wild One*.

In the back-stage drama, *Inside Daisy Clover*, Natalie Wood and Christopher Plummer officially star. Yet Redford's role—a young, narcissistic film star—is the best thing in the film.

In *This Property Is Condemned*, Natalie Wood was brave enough to take on Redford again almost immediately. Again, Redford's role, that of a loner, trying not to fall in love with Natalie, is the best thing in the film.

Now it seems certain that nothing can stop Redford.

Though a horde of New York girl fans tried to as we met! Later he relaxed: "Man, oh man, am I glad to get away from that!"

We talked first about his sudden rush of success. "It hasn't changed anything for me! I don't feel different," he explained. "I'm sure a lot of people say that, but I really mean it! I don't feel any different today than I did three years ago. I have more money in the bank, and I can enjoy doing things, material things, that I couldn't afford three years ago. But I don't *feel* that I'm any better as an actor necessarily. I haven't catapulted anywhere yet as far as I'm concerned, so I really have no reaction to anything."

Redford's reactions on going to work in Hollywood are unique. He was both disappointed and amused. "Well—it was my home town," he smiled. "I was born and raised there, so it wasn't a great thrill going there, as if it had been my first time. I was disappointed, if anything, because it had changed so much from the town I knew as a kid. All the little landmarks that I knew and felt I had found personally, were gone.

"What amused me was being treated like a New York actor who had never been to Hollywood. They didn't realise I was born there, I suppose. They said to me, '*You know, we must show you this, and take you to that restaurant.*' I kind of went along with it and was very amused by it."

While Redford is hailed, rightly, as a bright new hope, he doesn't personally take it all too seriously. He accepted a cigarette, drew on it and explained: "That happens with anyone who goes out there. It's like a treadmill; it goes around and around and each year somebody new comes along. First of all, they start comparing you with somebody else who is successful or to somebody who conforms to an image. They're very anxious to place you in a category.

"I don't pay too much attention to that. It happens every year; next year it will be somebody else, and so on. Take it seriously—and it's dangerous!

"The only professional danger I face is that I refuse to be hooked up with anyone, or under anyone's thumb. There are people who are part of the factory. Who are under contract. *I don't want to go under contract to anyone.* I never have been, though the opportunity has come up several times. I feel very strongly about this. I know I would disintegrate under this kind of system.

"Being my own man, and doing things my own way instead of under studio supervision makes it a little harder road to travel. There is no single force to promote you, or to push you this way or that. You really have to do it yourself. But I like that! There's a kind of justice in it.

"My wife will say from time to time, '*What will become of you? What will you do?*' I tell her: 'Don't worry about it, it's no problem.' You can't plan that much in the future. You really can't say what will happen until you experience it!"

Certainly Redford's not too worried about his future, or put off by the pressures of the film star's life. He told me: "I always keep in the back of my mind that little area which says: 'You can tune off any time you like, friend. You can just say, forget it and leave.' If somebody or something pushes you too far; or tries to head you into an area that you don't want to be in or don't belong in, then you simply walk out. I was never really afraid to do that. I think that's what really helps me."

Surprisingly for one so talented, Redford admitted that he had never really wanted to be an actor. He merely aimed to have a good life and find out what was going on. That was why, in 1957, he hitchhiked across Europe for 13 months, painting and meeting people. This way, he maintains, he gained an insight into people, and an education better than any offered in college.

"For a while there I wanted to be an artist. And then I became an actor. I just kind of let it happen. *Let happen what's going to happen!* I suppose that's one of my rules to live by. I never had any real drive or goal to be anything in particular. I enjoyed that time in my life when I had no great desire to be anything, except to just sort of bum around and see what was going on."

Today, Robert Redford has a fine seven-room house in the Wasatch Mountains of Utah, where he lives with his family. (He has been married for eight years and has two children, a boy and a girl.) It was to and from his home that he commuted to escape the tension-ridden set during filming on *The Chase*—which stars Brando, Jane Fonda and James Fox.

Recently, the director, Arthur Penn and others associated with the film (a powerful and searing story of a type of a community in the American South of today) have spoken about the on-set, inter-office troubles that went on during the making of the film.

Redford's view?

"Well, for me it was a happy film, because on a five-month shooting schedule, I worked only five weeks but was paid for the whole time! Rest of the time I could go up to my house in the mountains, where I could hunt and fish!

"Penn never interfered much with me. It was a form of confidence. He gave me credit for knowing what I was going to do and trusted me. He had a lot of us he could trust. Now, if he had differences of interpretation, as he says, then it was with people I didn't know about.

"I enjoyed working with Jane Fonda—very much! Jane is one of the most intelligent and most articulate people I know, besides being a good actress. What interested me about working with Fonda is that she cares very much about becoming a better actress, and about the people and things around her. She's not content just to ride along on an even keel. And she's intellectually curious, which is fascinating to me.

"I enjoyed working with Brando, too. Between shots, I had good conversation with Marlon, but never once about the film; never once about a scene or who was doing what in a scene. He is really above that! I don't think he cared one way or the other about who was good—who was bad. He knew what he was doing.

TURN page

a new 'king'

Hollywood's new white hope has packed his bags, wife and family and 'disappeared' to Spain and Greece for six months. . . His last interview before leaving was with Showtime's man in New York, *JOHN KOBAL*.

His looks are completely his own...his name is ROBERT REDFORD

for hollywood

ROBERT REDFORD a new 'king' for hollywood

REDFORD IN ACTION. With Michael Connors in *Situation Hopeless, But Not Serious* . . and with Natalie Wood in their first film together, *Inside Daisy Clover.*

FROM overleaf

"We'd talk about things that interested us both, like the American Indian. It's a common cause we both have.

"Mind you," Redford continued with a laugh, "Brando's is a stronger cause than mine, because he is involved with it politically, while I just built my house with an Indian."

Fox plays the role in the film that was originally offered to Redford, after Peter O'Toole had turned it down. Redford preferred the smaller role of the hunted Bubber Reeves; a wise decision.

"Fox was a good man! I liked him!" said Redford unhesitatingly. "I had already seen him in *The Servant*, and he was really wonderful in that. He really was! It was one of the few times I had seen a young actor play with such range and intelligence. When we met, he turned out to be a very good person—a very honest actor.

"He had a very difficult job with his role because he had to portray an American with a deep Southern accent. He really had twice the job of anybody else in the film. He's a good actor because he's an intelligent person. Not that I think intelligence is a prime requisite of a good actor. But with certain people it helps. In Fox's case, he has an interesting intelligence—about interpretation. He allows his instincts to take over. At least, that's the way I see it."

A much smaller—still no less enjoyable affair—was Redford's debut film, *The War Hunt*, three years ago. "I don't suppose many people have seen it. I liked it—though I got almost no money at all."

It led, however, to his first big project, and to his first important co-star—Sir Alec Guinness—in the still unreleased *Situation Hopeless, But Not Serious.* But this film Redford remains very tight-lipped about. "Frankly it *was* a hopeless and serious situation," he admitted when pressed. "Really, it's better not to mention the whole thing."

Taking him at his word, I then raised his "partnership" with Natalie Wood. Having made *Inside Daisy Clover* and *This Property Is Condemned* with her, it now seems there is the possibility of a third, *Barefoot In The Park*, next September.

Sounds like a team—is that the idea?

"I hope not," said Redford. "I don't want to be considered part of a team."

How did the "partnership" come about?

"Well, Natalie is a very generous performer. She has leading man approval. She has to think commercially. When she's going to be in a film she's got to be sure that whoever she plays opposite is not only adequate but will also be good for the film, so that the film makes money and her career is extended. She took a chance on me. She approved me as her leading man in *Daisy Clover*, having seen me only in *Barefoot In The Park* on the stage and not knowing just what I could do on the screen. An extraordinary gesture on her part."

Natalie Wood is one of the few young top stars who has approval of her co-stars and directors. Naturally Redford is keen to attain a similar position.

"I guess in a couple of years' time when I know more, I would like director approval. I know that sounds pretentious, but the relationship between an actor and his director is so important. It's much better to solve it before you go into a film. If you have some personality conflict, or differences of interpretation or way of working, then there's no point in getting involved in it. I'm not saying that you should work only with directors who will let you alone so you can be as wonderful as you think you are. It might be a question of working with a director who is much stronger than you are and who tells you when you're wrong. But, you must believe in him. Have faith in him.

"Director approval I would certainly want. But I do not see enough new films to know what is going on and discover the new directors I'd like to work with.

"I can't sit through a film! It's got something to do with the legs, and the knees and things. I get very crazy and restless and start to look round. There are very few films I can sit through, and most of them are European. It's really a bind, for I don't know that many directors or their work! I must admit, though, I've liked *most* of the directors I've worked with so far.

"On *This Property Is Condemned*, we had a new young director, Sidney Pollack. He's a very talented guy; my own age. There's something very exciting about working with someone your own age . . . a wonderful experimental quality.

"But Mike Nichols would be my favourite director, I think. I worked with him in the *Barefoot* play and he and I share (more closely than anyone else I can think of) a way; an attitude of working. I'd like him to direct me in a film!"

Redford likes to do things his own way, and that includes doing his own stunt work. Producer Sam Spiegel and director Arthur Penn didn't know until it was too late, and Redford had swum safely ashore, that their star had done his own very dangerous jump from a moving rail car into an icy river in *The Chase*. It gave Redford the required continuity to his character and the producer and company a shock!

In *This Property Is Condemned* he does his own fights and, for his opening scene, jumps from another fast-moving train.

It is not too surprising then, to learn that as a 15-year-old, Redford and his elder brother both tried to get into films as stunt men.

"We were very agile sort of fellows," Redford recalled. "We used to go to films and make fun of all the stunts we felt were being done badly by the stunt men. We prided ourselves on being able to pick out the points where the acting was done by stunt men. We thought we could do it better, and we'd practise falling about, falling off horses, fighting with each other and rolling off buildings.

"We decided to go to Warner Bros. studio to apply for work as stunt men, thinking it was all very simple. You just walked in, we thought, did a few stunts and if they liked you, they hired you. We were very naive! After all the secretaries had a good laugh—we got the message, got very angry and left. That was the only kind of contact I had with the film business until I returned years later."

Why did Redford become an actor?

"Because I couldn't do anything else at the time."

He did, in fact, attend drama school after an audition. "It just turned out that things went far better for me than for the majority of the kids in the class. So I stuck to it—and became an actor."

As to the future, Robert Redford has disappeared from the American moviescene. He is taking six months off to holiday in Spain and Greece. "We'll get a house for us and the children, and I'll just paint a little. I won't see anybody or do anything except paint and relax." Redford paused, and then added: "That's one of the good things about being a film star. I can afford to go off and do the things I like to do most!"

McQUEEN

FROM page 14

Candice Bergen, making only her second screen appearance in *The Sand Pebbles*, playing a missionary school teacher. (She makes her screen debut in *The Group*.) Twenty-year-old Candice, daughter of Hollywood's Edgar Bergen, had only a few scenes to do, but they were scattered throughout the picture so she had to stay around. She lost a part in the new British thriller *The Deadly Affair* because of it.

"Never," she opined, "in the history of movie-making, has so much time been wasted doing so little."

So how did she spend her time?

"I went to funerals," she said. "They're quite something on Formosa, you know. After you die, you lie for two months in an open coffin while your relatives cry all day. The best day to bury you is then charted astrologically. When you finally go they burn a little paper house and paper car and paper TV set and real money so that you'll have them there when you arrive. And, of course, there's the big feast."

What do they usually eat?

"Oh, swallow saliva and fried pigeon heads and flattened fried goldfish, salted."

Say no more, Miss Bergen.

"But I must. I'm so bored."

What made you want to be an actress?

"Because America hasn't got anyone like me. It sounds conceited, perhaps, but it's true. But I don't like acting. Who could? The word 'actress' conjures up a vision of someone so distasteful that it makes me quite sick. I don't want to be associated with it. So I'm working hard not to really like this profession."

You see. Formosa sent them all crazy in the end.

But as I say; it's great for a week-end.

The TRAP

FROM page 29

and mountains and, when he returns to the settlement, he is feared by others who know his brute strength.

When the film opens, La Bete has just returned from a trapping expedition which has lasted three winters. The folk at the settlement believed him to be dead, for no man had ever travelled north alone without returning within a few months. The wolves and cougars could be kept at bay only for so long.

The day La Bete returns with his cargo of fur, the old coastal boat arrives on one of its twice-a-year visits. The boat carries supplies for the settlement and a cargo of human bondage—women who are cast-offs from civilisation. They are bondmaidens; brides-to-be for the settlers. And it is a bondmaiden who comes into La Bete's life and changes it completely. She is a girl called Eve.

La Bete wants a young woman who can work hard for him; a girl such as Eve, who is working as a servant in the settlement trader's home.

Eve has been mute since the day she saw her mother murdered by a party of raiding Blackfeet Indians. For ten years the trader has given her shelter, but the trader's wife is more interested in the sack of gold worth 1,000 dollars that La Bete offers than she is in the girl. So Eve becomes La Bete's unwilling wife.

Their adventures together, and their strange and touching relationship, are the firm base for what promises to be one of the most unusual and exciting films of the year.

The Trap **should also prove another triumph for Rita Tushingham, who plays Eve. And in Oliver Reed who plays La Bete, the screen will undoubtedly have a new-style hero.**

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SHOWTIME
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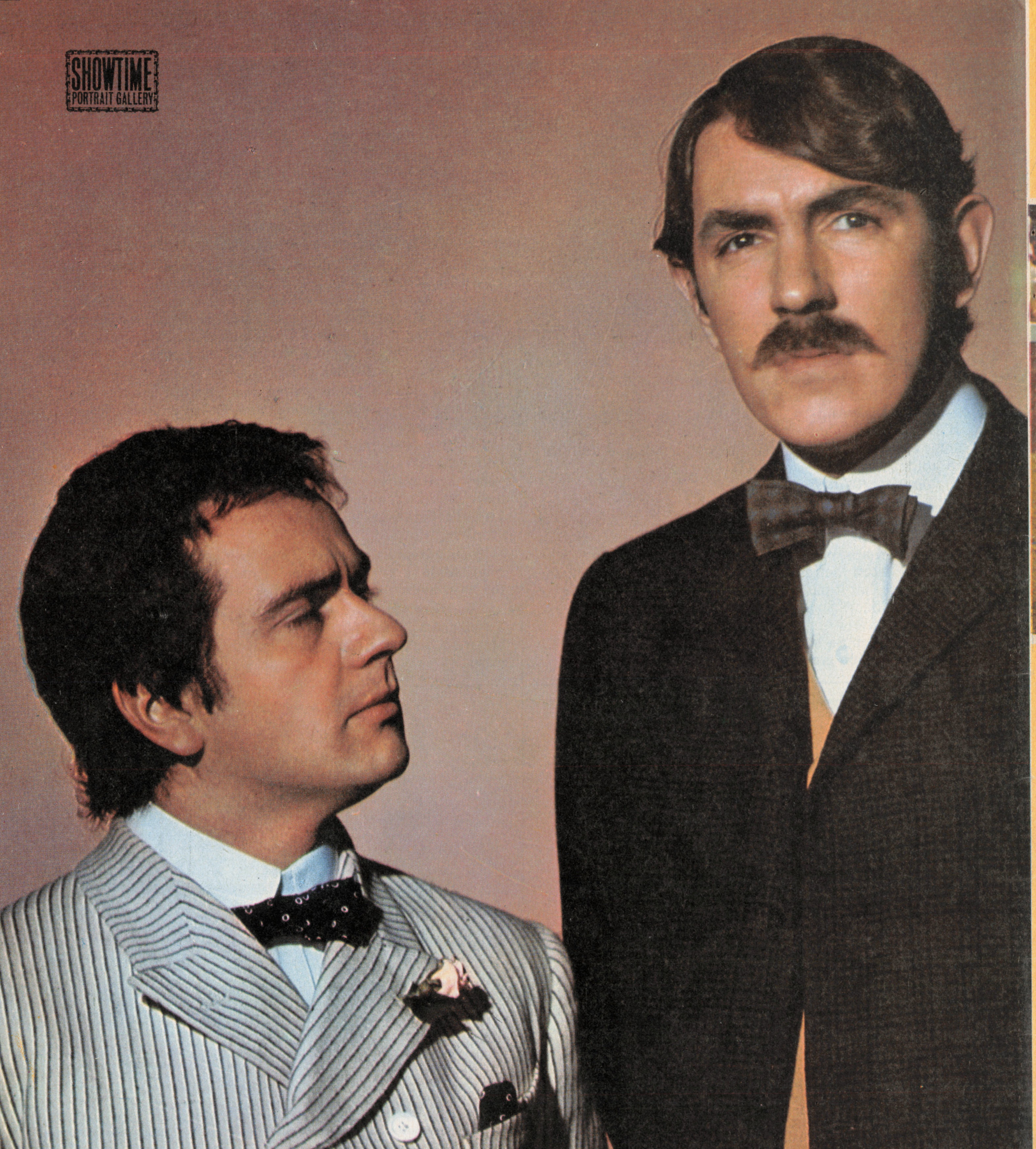

DUDLEY MOORE *and* **PETER COOK**
who star in THE WRONG BOX

SHOWTIME
PORTRAIT GALLERY

JEAN SEBERG
who stars in
MOMENT TO MOMENT

Oscar-winning Menace—Marvin as Kid Sheleen, with Jane Fonda as *Cat Ballou*.

MR. MENACE

FROM page 30

packed it in. Then he became an actor.

"It seemed like a hell of a lark," he says. And it happened just like that. Lee went fishing and hunting with a friend up in the Woodstock, New York, area. Then they went to a party.

"I got swocked," Marvin says. "I was dancing with a girl named Joy—which is what she was; 145 pounds and all of it pink and beautiful. At the party I found out the leading man of the local theatre had run out on an upcoming show at the Maverick Playhouse. They needed a tall, loud-mouthed, raunchy Texan. I was tall and loud-mouthed and raunchy enough for anyone, and I was drunk enough for a Texan. So I read and got the job. They paid me seven dollars a week, and room and board. The play was *Roadside* by Lynn Riggs."

Marvin liked it. "When I put on the rags," he says, "I didn't feel it was make-believe. I felt it was real." He went to acting school, played in *Home Of The Brave* and *Thunder Rock*, and toured in *A Streetcar Named Desire*.

And he got married. To Betty Edeling, a former model. "We were married at the Wee Kirk o' the Heather, in Las Vegas," Marvin says. "The Reverend's name was Lovable. Seven dollars for seven minutes. We had no witness, so the Reverend woke his wife. She wasn't dressed. She stood behind a curtain. The Reverend said: '*See? There are her feet.*' Her feet were our witness. Lovable said to me, '*Do you, Lee, take this woman to be your lawful wedded wife, to love, honour, and cherish?*', and I said, '*Yes.*' Then he said—this is exactly what he said—'*And do you, Betty, and all that stuff?*' "

If the ceremony wasn't much, it beat the honeymoon. "We couldn't get a hotel in Las Vegas," Marvin says, "so we started driving back to Los Angeles. I picked up a drunk hitch-hiker. He fell asleep on my wife, and she fell asleep on me, and I drove the car off the road."

All the time, his career was going from strength to strength. Mostly villains, as in *The Big Heat*, *Bad Day At Black Rock*, *Violent Saturday* and *The Man Who Killed Liberty Valance*. In that film he beat up Jimmy Stewart in a scene so bloody that the film was banned in some countries.

"When I lean on somebody," says Marvin, "I really lean on them. People think bad guys play by rules, but there are no rules."

After that film, the critic of the *New York Times* observed: "*He is rapidly becoming the Number One sadist of the screen.*"

Marvin himself says: "When I play these parts, these horrible animal men, I do things you shouldn't do, and I make you see you shouldn't do them. The character I played in *Ship Of Fools*, now, was a horrible man; a bigot. I had to play him. Nobody else would. He was a man who had to be exposed. And I had to play him because he is a facet of me! A part of me I don't like."

So there he is. The old meanie himself. A loner, he claims, but he's got some good friends. "The only trouble," he says, "is that when we all get together we don't know when to stop. And when we do stop we fall down."

His friends then, are men like himself?

"Oh certainly." A grin here, on that mish-mashed face. "The kind of life I live separates the men from the boys. I believe in what 'Chesty' Buller, the American general, said in Korea: '*The Hell with apple pie and mother—what these kids need is whisky and broads.*' "

JOHN GALEY

RAYMONDO
AND THE STARS

ARIES *22nd March to 20th April*
Wedding bells ring loud and clear for many, but this is a lean month for the unattached. Watch expenses at first and you will be able to "go to town" at the end of the month. Many will be moving house.

TAURUS *21st April to 21st May*
A summer cold could leave you feeling low, but you will revel in the sympathy of someone close to you. Many will have important decisions to make and an unconventional outlook on life could lead to friction with those around you. Take your time, but let the final decision be your own.

GEMINI *22nd May to 21st June*
A sudden stroke of luck could enliven an otherwise dull time. This could involve travel or be in the form of unexpected cash. You may later regret an impulsive act of generosity. Many will find that home interests conflict with careers. You may settle a personal matter that has been dragging on for a long time.

CANCER *22nd June to 23rd July*
Make hay while the sun shines—this could be a wonderful month for you! Socially you will be a hit. Be light-hearted and gay and someone may see you in a new light. Your romantic nature will revel in an unexpected event. Luck is with you . . . so live it up!

LEO *24th July to 23rd August*
You will have difficulty in shaking off a cold, but you will help matters if you catch up with a little more rest. Don't give way to pessimism; romance could come knocking on your door sooner than you think. Money is in short supply so be thrifty.

VIRGO *24th August to 23rd September*
Swing into summer with a new romance. Get out of that rut! Chance plays a big part in your life now, and everything could be rosy provided you curb a tendency to be too sensitive and critical. Don't be so suspicious of other people's motives.

LIBRA *24th September to 23rd October*
You will be full of bright ideas. Unfortunately, they could all cost you money. A surprise is indicated about the middle of the month. This could be connected with a loved one. Be generous with your sympathy and avoid arguing with a relative.

SCORPIO *24th October to 22nd November*
Now you should go around singing! A secret hope is fulfilled. Financially, things are fine. It could be a month for the unexpected. A letter forces you to justify a decision already made. Someone will appreciate your hard work, and a chance meeting could bring back happy memories.

SAGITTARIUS *23rd November to 22nd December*
Someone close to you may seem thoughtless, but taking this to heart won't help. Many will be tackling an unfamiliar job, or covering new ground, and here it is vital to ask advice. Show some enterprise; someone at work will appreciate your initiative.

CAPRICORN *23rd December to 20th January*
Time away from home is indicated, but this does not necessarily mean a holiday. It is not a quiet time; you will need great patience and tact, especially at work. Have faith in your own ability. This is a time to assert yourself and others will put themselves out for you.

AQUARIUS *21st January to 19th February*
A tendency to try to achieve everything at once will have to be curbed. You feel enthusiastic and energetic, but your energy should be directed into one channel. A sensible line is needed financially. Something you have long suspected is confirmed and, although it is not as you would have wished, the long-term result will be favourable. You will need to impress an influential acquaintance.

PISCES *20th February to 21st March*
There will be some explaining to do when you are forced to break a promise. Don't make a mystery of your actions; keep others in the picture. Your practical approach to a problem will earn someone's respect. A recent disagreement with a loved one is settled amiably.

YOU CAN'T HIDE FACIAL HAIR

Make-up can do many things, but it cannot hide unsightly facial hair.

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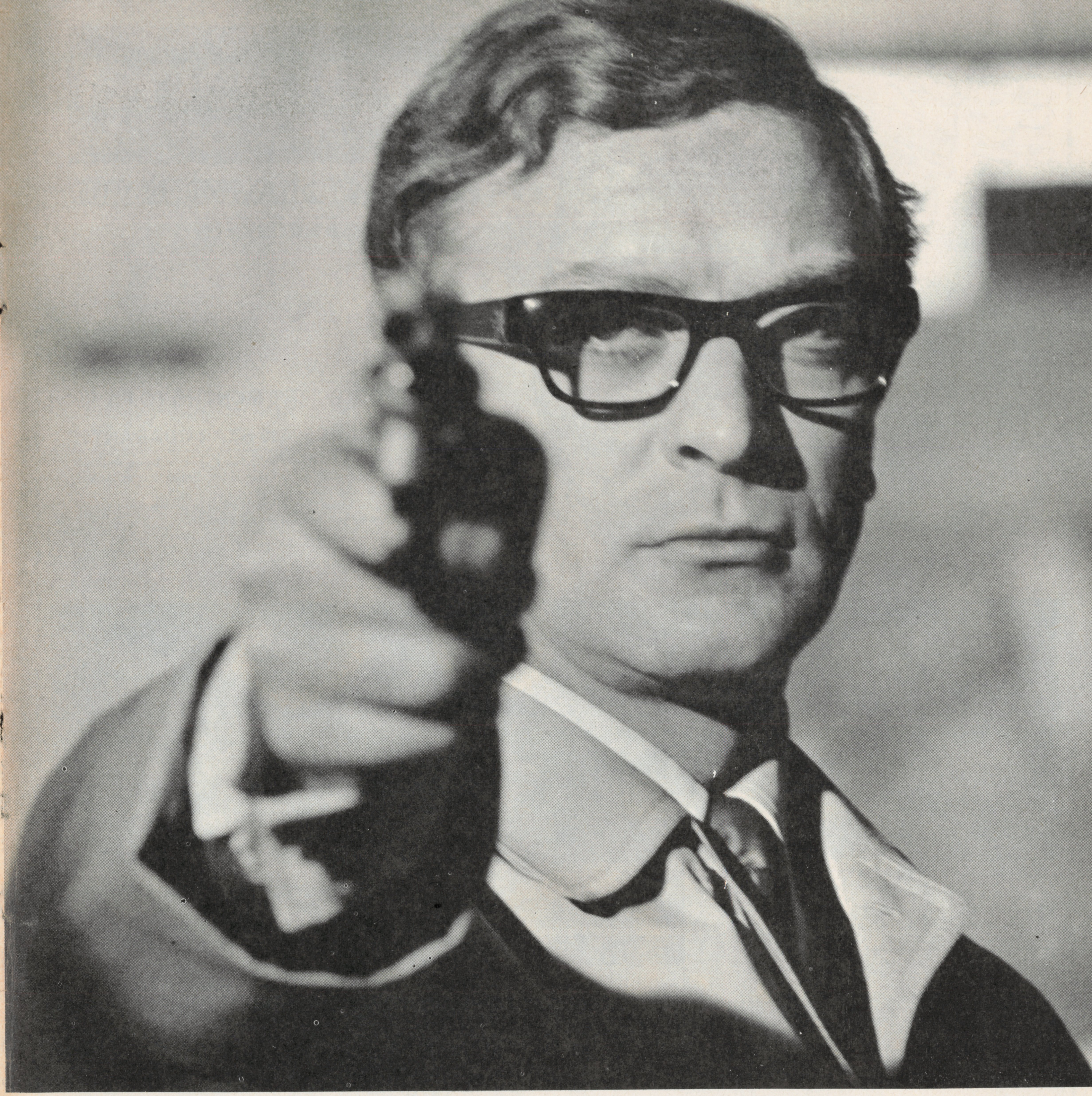

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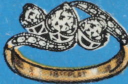

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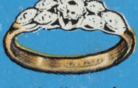

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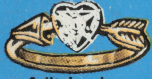

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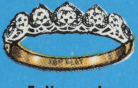

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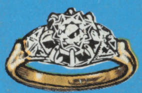

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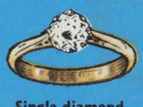

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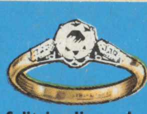

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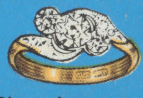

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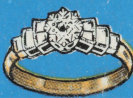

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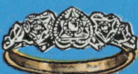

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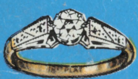

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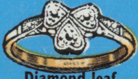

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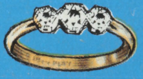

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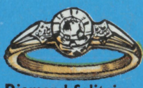

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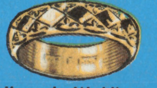

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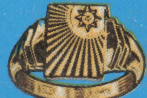

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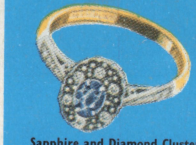

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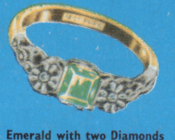

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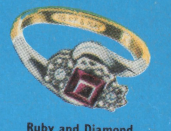

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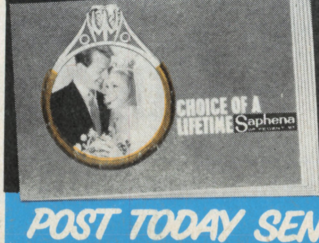

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